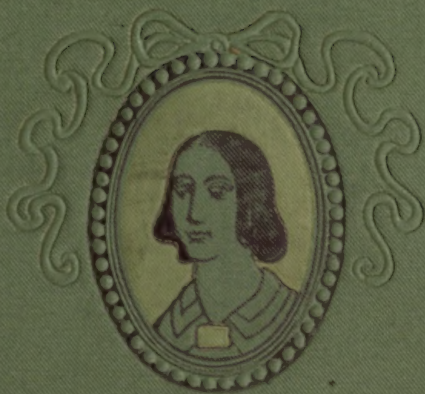




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The
YOUNG CHAMPION
A.S. ISAACS



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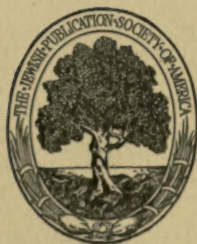
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THE YOUNG CHAMPION

ONE YEAR
IN
GRACE AGUILAR'S GIRLHOOD

BY
ABRAM S. ISAACS

Author of "Step by Step"



PHILADELPHIA
THE JEWISH PUBLICATION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

1913

PREFACE

Few lives can be more helpful to our young people to-day, to our girls in particular, than that of Grace Aguilar. She possesses the distinction of being a modern author, instead of an ancient heroine. Doubtless some are still living that knew her, for she died only sixty-five years ago.

There has been no conscious attempt to idealize her character or exaggerate her importance. To make her the centre of a group of happy girls of her age, it was thought, would serve to add to her influence. That certain liberties have been taken with Mrs. Hall's friendship, may be excused for a similar reason. There is no exact evidence that she met Moses Montefiore or Benjamin Disraeli, or that she quoted from Shakespeare on a certain walk with her friend in the streets of London.

PREFACE

But here again the critic need not be too severe. In fiction the end often justifies the means.

In the hope that the story may prove readable to our young people, and, brief though it be, suggestive to their parents—for it touches on topics that can no longer be ignored by those who wish Jewish foundations to be permanent, and who see little prospect for the strengthening of Jewish ideals except in the old-fashioned balance-wheels—this little volume is submitted to the public. May it meet as appreciative a reception as that accorded to its predecessor, “Step by Step.”

A. S. I.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.....	9
II. HOME INFLUENCE	22
III. AN ADVENTURE	34
IV. A SABBATH CHAT.....	47
V. A NEW FRIEND.....	59
VI. LEAVES FROM A DIARY.....	72
VII. A RAINY AFTERNOON.....	85
VIII. IN THE ORCHARD.....	98
IX. IN THE SHADOW.....	112
X. A HANUKKAH NIGHT.....	125
XI. A BATCH OF LETTERS.....	139
XII. DEVONSHIRE DAYS	153
XIII. A SURPRISE	167
XIV. WHAT THE YEARS TOLD.....	182

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

I

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Along the open country road, only a short distance from the noise and smoke of London, and yet forming a part of the great city, which was the world's famous capital even a century ago, there ran a happy girl of about twelve. High-browed, bright-eyed, with a pensive look, which changed quickly as some trifling object—a flower, a leaf, a squirrel—aroused her attention, it was a face that could hardly be called beautiful. But it was none the less attractive. Its strength was in its expression, which was perhaps too thoughtful for one of her years.

Who can describe the charm of English

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

fields, with their neatly-trimmed hedges, the trees so rich in bough and leaf, with here and there a mass of common flowers brightening the scene, the wonderful color of the sward, a deep velvety green? The birds, some of radiant hue, darting joyously from bush to bush, from tree to tree; the soft, fleecy clouds with their perpetual play of sunshine and shadow; the air so cool and refreshing in early June; the long stretches of meadow in the distance, with the laborer faithfully at work, and no sound disturbing the stillness except the shrill Caw! Caw! of a bird in flight or the whirling of many wings—all this made the morning one of rare beauty. What a precious privilege to breathe the fragrance and enjoy the luxury of living on such a perfect day!

“I wonder where mother is,” the girl exclaimed, as she stopped for a moment, and gave a glance backward. “Perhaps I

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

have gone a little too fast for her. Why, there she is! Mother, mother, here I am! I'll wait for you here under the tree." And down she sat beneath a towering oak of huge girth, which seemed tall and mighty enough to have flourished when the Normans came to England, or perhaps as early as when King Alfred in masquerade, so it is told us, let the bread burn in the oven—what a careless baker, indeed!

"Grace, you certainly have improved as a runner," Mrs. Aguilar exclaimed as she reached her daughter, and rested close by her side. "The country air has done wonders for you. It was a chase in earnest to catch up with you. Well, now we can remain here for a while before we return home."

"You rest, mother, for you look rather tired, but I want to bring home some flowers and make a wreath for father." And away Grace ran, busying herself in an adja-

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

cent meadow, and soon returning with a mass of wild flowers.

"Mother," she said suddenly, placing the flowers carefully on the ground, and sinking down by her mother's side, "may I go to school in September? You know how dearly I wish to go, mother dear." And she caressed her mother tenderly as she spoke.

"Now, my daughter, had you not better leave the matter to your father and myself? We know surely what is best for you, do we not, little girl?"

"But, mother," came the rather impatient response, "all the girls go to school, and if I remain away, I shall know as little as Shep, our neighbor's dog. I want to have more education, indeed I do. You must know that."

"Why, Shep is not so ignorant, my precious child. Just think how he watches the house, how he growls suspiciously when a

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

stranger approaches, and barks with joy when those whom he loves draw near. I do not call Shep ignorant because he cannot read or write or spell."

"O mother, you know what I mean. Have you not often told me that it is the mission of Israel to spread knowledge? Now, how can I spread knowledge if I do not learn in my youth?" And Grace began to look somewhat dissatisfied.

"Grace, my darling, you forget how ill you have been, and how we were obliged to take you from school, until you recovered your strength fully. That you are much stronger now, is no reason why we should send you back to your school lessons. Believe me, my daughter, your father and I will not neglect your education, and we are hopeful that you will develop all the abilities you possess, to become a blessing to Israel. And you cannot deny that you are progressing, dearest."

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

“ Yes, mother, but—”

“ You have your regular studies each day, and both your father and I take special care that our religion and its history are taught faithfully. Every Sabbath he reads to you out of our Sacred Writings, and tells you about some famous heroes and heroines of our people. And I am not neglectful, am I? Do I not speak to you of those home duties and influences that keep Judaism as everlasting as the Ner Tamid, the Eternal Light, in our old synagogue in London? ”

Grace could not resist the force and persuasiveness of her mother's words, and she gave her a hearty kiss.

“ Trust me, child,” she continued earnestly. “ Your mother's school is best. It was in my mother's school that I learnt what is best, wisest, and most helpful for a Jewess to know and to practice. It was the school of the home, where Sabbaths and

Holy Days were hallowed, where the doorpost proclaimed 'I am a Hebrew,' where prayer was heard daily, and where knowledge and reverence flourished side by side, and old and young dwelt in kindness and love and peace. I want my little girl never to forget her mother's school. I cannot forget mine. I owe everything to it."

"Why, mother, you are a regular preacher," Grace rejoined after a pause, looking at Mrs. Aguilar with a smile. "I wish we had English sermons in our synagogue, don't you?"

In those days, and for some years thereafter, there was no regular English preaching in the synagogues of England. An English address was given at rare intervals by gifted and public-spirited men, but regular preaching in the vernacular, the language of the country, was introduced at a later date. The young people in that era were in grave danger of losing interest in

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

their religion, and becoming ignorant of its history and requirements. There were no Sunday Schools, or Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Associations, and not very many English books on Jewish subjects, none of the glorious opportunities boys and girls now possess of becoming intelligent and enthusiastic Israelites as they grow into manhood and womanhood. Of course, the Jewish population of England was very small, compared with its present size and importance; but the younger generation was none the less neglected.

"Dearest Grace," Mrs. Aguilar replied, with as much earnestness as if she were talking to an older person—for her daughter was thoughtful for her years, and the training she had received had developed her mind without robbing it of the gaiety and hopefulness of youth—"dearest Grace, many were the preachers among the women of Israel. Where can you find a more elo-

quent preacher than Hannah, whose pious love was her son Samuel's best preparation for the ministry? Where a more brilliant sermon than the life of Esther, who, raised to royal honors, never forgot her Jewish origin, and bravely championed her people, although it might have led to her death? Where a more wonderful text than the mother of whom the rabbis tell us in the Talmud, that marvellous work about which you will know more in time? She used to bring her little son in his cradle close to the door of the academy where the sages studied, and there she would sit and sew for hours, thinking that the place, the surroundings, the wise words of teachers in Israel would inspire him unconsciously to become a guide to his people in later years."

"And did he become a rabbi, mother?" Grace asked, deeply interested.

"Yes, indeed, with countless others, inspired and encouraged by the example and

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

prayers of their self-sacrificing mothers, who may surely be called preachers, even if they had no other pulpit than the home. They were the true, unheralded heroines in Israel. It is the home, remember, Grace, that is the real altar of Judaism, where mother and father are priestess and priest."

"Mother, do you know what I should like to do when I grow older? I'll tell you. I should like—now, do not laugh at me—I should like to write about the women of Israel, so that the whole world might know what they were, and what they did. What glorious work to tell of their character and deeds! When I grow older—"

"Come, come, little girl," the mother interrupted, as she gazed at the girl's glowing countenance, "come, come, do not worry about the future. Look at those beautiful flowers on this side of the hedge! Do you not see them? I was reading the other day about a curious trait of flowers.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

It would almost seem that they had minds."

"The idea, mother, of flowers having minds!"

"It may appear odd, but the author says that flowers have understanding, and know when people care for them. They respond, just like children, to a loving touch and a caress. And flowers can express their wants. For instance, a flower whose head is drooping is calling for water. In different ways they ask for light, warmth, sunshine. When they are satisfied, how buoyantly they lift their heads, as if from pure joy of being flowers in the glad sunshine."

"That is a funny idea," Grace remarked, "that flowers should ask for anything. Why, it makes one think that flowerland is fairyland indeed."

"There is another thing in connection with flowers, my daughter. We speak of a beautiful rose or a lovely violet, but you can best realize the charm of flowers

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

through magnifying glasses. Remarkable beauty is disclosed, and wonders never before appreciated come to light. Petal and leaf appear in marvellous splendor and form. The world of flowers is a most wonderful study. I am glad you are fond of botanizing, Grace. The flower world is a kind of sacred scripture, which reveals the goodness and greatness of our Almighty Father."

"Look, mother!" Grace exclaimed suddenly, glancing across the fields. "There's father coming for us. He must think that we are lost. Here we are! Here we are!" she shouted, waving her hands excitedly. "Here we are!"

"What were you two doing all these hours?" he asked, drawing near and kissing them. "Do you know it is rather late?"

"Doing?" repeated Grace with a smiling glance at her mother. "Doing? Why, we were merely at mother's school."

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

As she spoke, a bird darted from a tall oak tree, singing sweetly in its upward flight.

"Yes," Mrs. Aguilar observed, "and now school is over. The bird-bell has sounded for recess." And the three were soon on their eager way homeward, talking gaily, Grace leading in the chat, with the flowers for her father's wreath in her hand. They had been pleasant, those hours at mother's school, the oldest, the happiest, and the best school in all the world!

II

HOME INFLUENCE

It was a happy home, that of the Aguilars. It was not a pretentious abode, the small frame cottage with its trellised porch and garden, where violets, pansies, roses, and mignonette grew in sweet profusion. But you felt when you sought it and crossed its threshold that it was a home fragrant with affection. There was no elaborate furniture, no expensive ornaments and statuary, no costly paintings and tapestry work. Nothing could have been simpler than Grace's dwelling, wherein were practiced the virtues of thrift, contentment, and unfaltering trust in the Almighty.

The home was doubly precious, as from her early childhood there had been frequent changes of residence for Grace, owing

HOME INFLUENCE

to her constant ill health. Again and again her parents had sought a more bracing climate for her, now by the sea and now among the hills. The father's constitution, too, was not very strong, and at times they were obliged to live elsewhere for his sake. It was as much their changes of residence as their daughter's delicate health that compelled her parents to take her from school and teach her themselves.

Father, mother, and daughter formed the entire family at this time; years later two sons were added to the household. Their immediate ancestors had come to England in the seventeenth century, being descendants of Jews that had been expelled first from Spain and then from Portugal, and had settled in other lands, where their condition was often pitiable. Many were men and women of high culture and character, who made a career for themselves in their new surroundings, acquiring

wealth and position. Some were scholars of much learning, who taught ardently the olden Law, and strove to train the new generation in obedience to its commands.

In England in particular, where, in Oliver Cromwell's reign, the Jews were permitted to settle again, the numbers of our Spanish and Portuguese brethren were limited. Yet they formed a distinguished class by themselves, proud of their ancestry and their faith. They were, indeed, princes and princesses in Israel, and their family records told many a tale of glorious martyrdom. Hence, their religion was very dear to them, and as a body they observed the traditions of their people very carefully. Their synagogue in Bevis Marks, London, is the oldest in England, and dates originally from 1702.

The Aguilars were worthy representatives of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews of the Middle Ages. Their piety was sim-

ple and unaffected. It was a tribute of gratitude, a proof of loyalty. It sprang from conviction, not custom. You have heard of Nelson's famous words to his sailors, "England expects every man to do his duty." The Aguilars felt that Israel, too, expected every Israelite to do his and her duty, in loving return to the good Creator, who had so wonderfully preserved the Jew and spread his religion from land to land. It is true, they lived too far from the City to attend the synagogue regularly when they returned from their wanderings; but they made their home their altar. The Sabbath and the festivals were faithfully observed; no day's religious duties were neglected. And their devotion was not a set task, a formal duty; it was the glad offering of their grateful hearts. It came as free and unconscious as a flower's blossoming.

With all their fidelity to our old faith

and its traditions, the Aguilars had no tinge of narrowness or bigotry. Repeating each day the inspiring words from the Psalms, "Thou openest Thy hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing," and "The Lord is near to all who call upon Him in truth," they had only esteem for their neighbors of other creeds. Among these they numbered many close friends of their own social standing. Now and then a literary celebrity would visit their dwelling, or some acquaintances they had made on their journeys. Occasionally a kindly clergyman would be welcomed. As a result, the family atmosphere was genial, and as Grace was a close observer from early childhood, with a mind that developed rapidly, she was greatly benefited by the interchange of thought, which widened her own ideas. In fact, it was for her sake that her parents sought every means of rendering the home a centre of loving and helpful influence.

“Emanuel,” Mrs. Aguilar said one day to her husband, “do you really think that Grace will ever grow strong?” She was then about six years of age, and had spent several summers by the sea by order of the physician.

“My dear Sarah,” he rejoined, “we can only do our best. She is a child of great promise. We must look after her body as well as her mind. Surely the Almighty did not place so superior a spirit in so delicate a frame without some purpose. I feel that she will live to fulfil the purpose, and I shall spare no effort to enable her to gain health and strength.”

“And I, too, dear husband,” Mrs. Aguilar added; “I shall watch over her with ceaseless care. Do you know what first aroused me to the beauty and value of the gift God gave us in our daughter?”

“No, my dear. What was it?”

“Do you not recall when she was ill in

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

her second year, and her birthday came, that she asked me to give her a book? She wished to have no other present. That showed at once the noble quality of her mind."

"Yes, indeed, Sarah; and do you not recall the summer at Hastings—she was then four—when she collected and arranged shells? How patiently she set to work, how cleverly she put them together, each with a tiny label? It amused me to watch her as she merrily ran up and down the sands, which were rich in beautiful shells. What color was on her cheeks, and how her eyes shone!"

"And then," Mrs. Aguilar continued, "how she treasured her little books! Why, one morning she wanted me to teach her how to make linen covers for them, to preserve them from dust and injury. And she really made several covers very deftly after I had shown her."

HOME INFLUENCE

There was a pause for a moment, and then Mrs. Aguilar told her husband how she succeeded once in forcing a doll on Grace, and the following afternoon she found her trying to teach the doll how to read. It was not long before she discovered the utter hopelessness of the task. Occasionally she would play school with the few dolls that came to her, but she never relished the game. She would turn to her books again and again, and at night keep one under her pillow.

"Sarah," her husband exclaimed smilingly, "when Grace began her diary, she was not five years old, and she has never neglected it since. I really think she will become an author."

"Yes, I also feel that she will devote her life to authorship, but it will be for a high and lofty purpose."

"And that purpose, Sarah dear?"

"To champion the cause of Israel and

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

promote a kindly and noble humanity." And Mrs. Aguilar's face fairly glowed with exultation as she added, "It is one of our old traditional sayings, that every mother in Israel should reflect that her son might become a Messiah, a deliverer of his people. May Grace be such a deliverer to champion Israel's truth and rescue the nations from prejudice and error!"

"How quickly Grace began to read," Mr. Aguilar said after a brief silence. "I am sure she was never taught, was she?"

"No, no," Mrs. Aguilar rejoined. "It was with her as with the birds, as a German poet puts it. They sing because they have to sing, and Gracie read because she had to read. It was wholly a work of her own. She was always a close observer, and learned something with every glance and every breath."

"I am glad of one thing, Sarah—that her natural gaiety has not been impaired.

She remains a happy child, and is fond of fun, despite her serious moods and her love of study. We must guard against making her old for her years and setting tasks too heavy for her to carry out. Perhaps our household ways are too formal and severe for her. If so, we must be less exacting and allow her more freedom."

"Trust me, my dear Emanuel. We are not drawing the lines too taut. So long as Grace knows the strength of our affection for her, she has firm confidence in our judgment as to her training, and our household ways and rules never seem to be burdensome. Regularity, method, order, are not tyrants in the home, but daily helpers. Systematic rules really promote good habits—attention, punctuality, meekness, thoroughness, and the rest. Otherwise all is confusion, and little is accomplished without friction of some kind."

"You are right, dear wife; but it may

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

be that we dwell too much on our religion. Might it not be better if we waited a few years before talking to her about such matters? ”

“ I do not think we speak too much on the subject, husband. Of course, I admit that it can be overdone, and then it really leads to mischief. If we were harsh, exacting, tyrannical in our demands, and if we asked our daughter to do what we ourselves do not practice and believe in, then your misgivings would be justified. But our home has a natural atmosphere, with love and faith and hope and kindness its foundation.

“ As to your idea of waiting a few years,” Mrs. Aguilar continued earnestly, “ that would be a fatal mistake, unless we could be certain that in the meantime she would be exposed to no influence that might harm her, or mould her views in a wrong direction. It was a wise man who said,

Let me write the people's songs, I don't care who makes their laws. And so one can say, Let me mould the child's thoughts, impress the child's feelings, direct the child's ways; then it is of less account who seeks to teach them when they grow to manhood or womanhood. Their foundations then will be fixed and firm. If parents were wiser, they would regard childhood as the vital period in education, and seek the best methods of training the child. And the great call to Israel is, 'Thou shalt teach thy children,' that is, when they are children. That one emphatic commandment has preserved Israel for thousands of years. Let us teach Grace, then, to the best of our ability, by example as well as precept, and we need have no fear for her future. All will be well."

"My dear Sarah, you could not have spoken more wisely," her husband rejoined, and then the conversation turned to other matters.

III

AN ADVENTURE

It was a few days later, the wreath of flowers Grace had woven for her father had not yet wholly withered. The morning was sunny, the birds were singing, the sky was without a cloud.

"Grace," Mrs. Aguilar exclaimed, "what a fine day for a walk! It is a pity to stay indoors in such glorious weather. Come, child, run out in the sunshine. It will do you good."

"Now, mother," she responded, "I just want to tidy up the room a little, and finish my diary for the week, and then practice my piano exercises, and then—"

"O Mrs. Aguilar," cried a young girl as she entered the open door, "will you not let Gracie come with us this morning? Maud, Sylvia, and I are off to the woods, and we shall take our lunch with us, and a

little sewing to pass away the time. Do let her come, do!" And Agnes Cameron kissed Mrs. Aguilar impulsively.

"Why, that would be the very thing for her," Mrs. Aguilar replied. "Now, Agnes, just wait a minute, until I get ready a little lunch for Grace, and then you both can go."

"I'll help you tidy up," Agnes exclaimed, and she and Grace soon had things swept and dusted, while they laughed and romped and talked in a joyous mood. It was Grace's task to keep the parlor in order and have the ornaments and furniture properly dusted—not a very difficult duty, but one that she had to attend to promptly and thoroughly every day. With Agnes's help, it was quickly accomplished, and the girls were walking arm in arm up and down in front of the porch, their labor over for the morning.

"Here, my daughter," Mrs. Aguilar

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

said, giving her a neat little package, "here is your luncheon."

"O you blessed mother," cried the child, as she opened it carefully. "Why, I never can eat all of it—boiled eggs, apples, cake, a buttered roll! Mother, I shall never be hungry enough to eat such a meal."

"Keep it, Grace. You don't know how hungry the woods will make us. It will be an all-morning-and-afternoon picnic. Come along. Good-bye, Mrs. Aguilar. I'll take good care of your little lambkin." And after repeated farewells and waving of handkerchiefs, the two ran along the road, and were soon lost to view. In a few moments Mrs. Aguilar heard merry shouts in the distance, with peals of girlish laughter. The rest of the party had met Agnes and Grace, and the important journey to the woods had begun in earnest.

And that was a journey! Talk about old-time voyages of discovery, trips to the

AN ADVENTURE

land of Cathay, Baron Munchausen's flight across the Polar Sea on an eagle, the exploits of Cortes, Pizarro, Drake, Columbus, La Salle, and others of their daring! Why, nothing could be compared with that walk and run and saunter to the woods. What hairbreadth escapes when they lost the trail and plunged into darkness! What heroism as they climbed tree stumps and crashed through broken branches lying like helpless giants stretched out in the path! What endurance when now and then a fly or some tiny insect alighted on their arms or forehead and stung them unmercifully! How bravely they controlled their terror when they saw, or thought they saw, a mouse about fifty feet distant! How they almost screamed when, as they tramped along under the overhanging boughs, they noticed a panther, fierce-eyed, right in front of them, which happily ran up a tree at a rapid rate and proved to

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

be only a frisky squirrel! How they sang and shouted and even whistled and, of course, did lots of talking, as four bright, healthy girls of their age might be expected to do, particularly on such a morning and in the woods of Old England.

So an hour or two passed, and it was midday when suddenly they came to a little clearing encircled by fragrant pine. "Let's lunch here, girls," Maud exclaimed. "I am getting hungry."

"It is just the spot," said Sylvia.

"All right," Agnes added. "Let's make ourselves comfortable."

"And I'll set the table," and Grace was soon at work spreading a cloth on the ground, around which the four girls sat. Then, without further preparation, the meal began. Their appetites were ravenous, and not a crumb was left behind.

It was a bright group of girls, who lived near one another. Grace was the youngest,

but in some respects the most thoughtful. Maud was a madcap of thirteen, quick and impulsive, ready for any frolic when in the mood. Yet she was so frank and cordial that her outburst was soon forgotten and forgiven. Sylvia was also thirteen, somewhat timid in speech and manner, but kind-hearted and helpful. Agnes was fourteen, and the leader in every pastime or gaiety. She had had exceptional advantages, her uncle and aunt being literary celebrities, who dearly loved their clever niece. She was tall and strong, and by some mysterious law was doubly attracted to Grace, who was of slender build and delicate frame.

"And now what shall we do?" asked Sylvia. "If we only had more cold tea!"

"Let us rest against that huge tree over there," suggested Maud.

"Good, girls," Agnes exclaimed, "and then we can talk until it is time to return home."

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

"What shall we talk about?" Grace inquired.

"Well, let us tell of the most wonderful thing we have heard, and I'll start, girls," said Agnes, in her most impressive manner, raising one finger to her forehead, and pointing it at her audience. "The most wonderful—"

"—girl in the world," Maud interrupted, "is Agnes."

"It isn't fair to interrupt. As I was going to say, the most wonderful thing in the world is the Chinese Wall. It is over twelve hundred miles in length and twenty feet in height. Just think of that."

"That is nothing," said Maud, after a pause. "I think the most wonderful thing in the world is the Old Desert in Africa, three thousand miles in length, where the rain falls at intervals of five, ten, and twenty years. I fancy that umbrellas are rare in that country. Don't you agree with me, girls?"

There was a unanimous shout of agreement, and then it was Sylvia's turn.

"Well, I think— I think— I think—"

"Listen, girls, Sylvia thinks," and Maud began to laugh.

"I think," Sylvia continued, undisturbed by Maud's raillery, "I think that—. Oh, I don't know, but I can tell you some good jokes. Will that do?"

"Yes, yes, Sylvia," Agnes said. "Go on, child."

"Well, girls talk least in February, my brother says, because it is the shortest month. And we all go to bed, because, because the bed does not come to us. And our eyes are just like slaves—they are always under lashes. There! That is all I know."

The girls laughed heartily at Sylvia's jokes, and then Grace began her wonder story.

"The most wonderful thing I ever

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

heard is the account of a flower in the East, called the rose of Jericho, which my father read to me last night. This plant, when fully developed, contracts its branches so as to form a ball. When exposed to the wind, it is blown towards the sea, and it is gathered and exported to Europe."

"What is wonderful about that?" Agnes asked with a rather superior air.

"Just wait, Agnes, and I'll tell you where the wonder comes in. When you plunge the plant, apparently dead and all dried up, into water, the buds swell with new life, the calyx leaves open, the petals unfold, the flower stalk grows, and full-blown flowers appear. But if you remove it from the water, it dies. The plant is called *Anastatica*, or resurrection plant."

"O Gracie," Agnes exclaimed, kissing her, "you do tell a story so prettily. I must take you to my aunt, Mrs. Hall. I have often told her about you. She writes the loveliest stories and—"

AN ADVENTURE

"Who's there?" Maud shouted, rising to her feet, as some one was seen moving through the opposite trees. The girls sprang up in alarm.

A poor woman, carrying a baby, slowly came out of the thicket, and stopped at the clearing when she saw the group of girls standing close together. She was evidently a newcomer, some wanderer from a foreign land. She was dark-eyed, and her face was of olive color. Her dress was torn, her shoes broken, but the baby held in her arms was as happy and smiling as if it were heir to a kingdom.

The woman stood, half ashamed, half afraid of the silence of the girls, which she thought came from hostility to her.

Agnes was the first to recover from the fright.

"My good woman," she addressed her, advancing toward her, as Maud afterward said, like Queen Boadicea towards the Roman general, "what do you want?"

The woman was silent, but the baby gurgled and smiled at its own sweet will.

"Come away, girls," Sylvia exclaimed. "It is a witch, a Jewess; she will harm us if we stay any longer."

"If she is a Jewess," and Grace rushed impetuously forward, "she is my sister, one of my people, and I will help her."

"O Gracie," Sylvia cried, "I meant no harm. Do forgive me, won't you?"

The woman looked on, much interested in the girls' agitation, and the baby laughed louder than ever.

"Are you a Jewess, a woman of Israel?" Grace asked in her softest tones, as if she were addressing a duchess of the land. "Tell me, please, for I am a Jewess, too."

For a moment the woman stared at the child, as if she did not fully understand her. Then came a gleam of intelligence on her face.

"No, no; no Jewess. Me gypsy woman. Come, pretty girl. Give me hand, and I will tell fortune," and she smiled upon Grace in a way intended to be very winning, but which proved the reverse, for Grace and the rest at once burst out laughing.

"Thank you very much," Grace exclaimed, "we do not wish to have our fortunes told. Have you lost your way?"

"Shall we summon our chariot for the fair dame?" Maud asked; and again the girls laughed, the baby joining in the mirth.

The woman felt by this time that there was no chance of earning sixpences, and she began to move backward into the woods, but she halted as Agnes stepped up and said, "If you let us all kiss your baby, we shall give you sixpence." As she offered no opposition, the four girls in their eagerness to kiss it almost crushed the helpless baby to death. And then mother and baby slowly passed out of sight.

"Grace, you must forgive me," Sylvia implored as all returned to their resting-place under the tree. "It was rude and unpardonable to speak as I did."

"It was rude, Sylvia," Grace rejoined, "but not unpardonable," kissing her. "Only for the future please do not call Jewesses witches. What an ignorant world! Why, ages and ages ago Moses forbade my ancestors to consult fortune-tellers or encourage witchcraft. But, girls, I think it is getting late. Let's return home."

The girls were of the same mind, and soon they were merrily romping through the woods in the afternoon sunshine.

"What a delightful day," Agnes exclaimed as they reached the road leading to the Aguilar home.

"And what a delightful baby," Maud added, as both kissed Grace on parting, while Sylvia shyly pressed her hand.

IV

A SABBATH CHAT

A favorite hour with Grace was Saturday morning, after the Sabbath prayers had been said, when her parents talked or, better, chatted with her. She would sit on the sofa between them, and wait eagerly for the conversation to begin. And she had not long to wait, for her parents were as eager to impart to her what they thought she ought to know. Sometimes they would speak of different countries, sometimes of famous cities, often of celebrated writers, and now and then they would explain Jewish customs and ceremonies. In the course of a year or two a large amount of knowledge was thus gained, without formal lesson or text-book; and Grace never wearied of these Sabbath chats. In this way she absorbed, she drank in, a precious store of

information, which was to guide and strengthen her mind in maturer years.

It is a grave mistake to entrust the education of the young to an inferior teacher. They require the best and ablest, more even than the riper and older student. Not only is their progress checked by placing them in the hands of a poorly equipped instructor, but they are taught wrong methods and ideas, which it takes years to correct and dislodge, if, indeed, it is at all possible. The child demands the best that can be given in every field.

It was Grace's great privilege to have the best teachers, her father and mother, both refined and intelligent. They gave her freely not only of their warmth of affection, but of their wealth of knowledge. They were widely read, of broad culture and ripened experience. They had travelled and seen much. They were open-minded, as glad to welcome a new idea as to greet a new friend.

"Now, what shall I tell you this morning, my daughter?" Mr. Aguilar asked, patting Grace softly on the cheek.

"I should like to hear more about the cities of Spain. You told me last week about the Golden Tower of Seville, which the kings of Castile gave to wealthy Jews as a residence. Do you not remember, father dear?"

"Perfectly, my daughter. So now we shall turn to Toledo, long ago the capital of Castile and one of the oldest cities of Europe that survive. It is a city built on a rock, or rather on a number of hills, and although it has suffered the ravages of fire and flood, of war and pillage, it is a very interesting place to-day, and is visited by many tourists from all over the world."

"Perhaps we may travel there," Grace suggested smilingly.

"I hardly think, my daughter, we should like to journey so far as Spain,"

Mrs. Aguilar replied. "But let us not interrupt your father."

"If we were to go to Toledo to-day, we should first visit its two famous synagogues. One was built about the middle of the thirteenth century, the other, about a century later. The first became a church in 1405, and its name was changed to Santa Maria la Blanca. Within it is a fine example of later Saracenic architecture. The building is eighty-one feet long by sixty-three wide. The nave and aisles are separated from each other by four rows of octagonal columns, from which spring horseshoe arches. The ornamentation and design are varied. The roof is of fragrant pinewood."

"What happened to the building after it became a church?" Grace inquired.

"The Catholics made slight additions, including three altars. About the middle of the sixteenth century, it was used as a kind of asylum, and later turned into bar-

racks for soldiers. I believe it is now closed."

"Do you think it will ever be restored as a synagogue, Emanuel?" was Mrs. Aguilar's inquiry.

"I cannot tell. All depends upon the character of the Spanish Government and people. I do not think Jews are allowed to enter the kingdom." *

"And the other synagogue, father?"

"I think it was erected in 1357 by a very eminent man, Samuel Ha-Levi, treasurer of Don Pedro I. The architect was an Israelite, too. It is called El Transito, and in style is Moorish, of a later period. It is seventy-six feet in length and thirty-one feet in width, and very beautifully decorated, especially the arches, with exquisite

* Had the Aguilars lived to the close of the nineteenth century, they would have known that both synagogues were restored by the Government, and that Jews were freely admitted to Spain, which was to become a republic.

lattice-work, and there is a fine cedar roof. On the western wall can be read Hebrew inscriptions, in which Samuel Ha-Levi is described as 'a man of peace, powerful among all the people, and a great builder,' while of King Don Pedro it is written, 'May God be with him and all his house, and every man be humbled before him.' Within a year after the synagogue was built the treasurer was accused of dishonesty by his enemies, forced to leave Toledo, seized at Seville, and by order of Pedro put to death. His vast fortune and that of his relatives became forfeit to the king."

"What a sudden change," Grace exclaimed with a shudder.

"Oh, that is common in the history of the world. Kings have short memories," Mrs. Aguilar observed.

"There must have been a large Jewish community there, was there not, father?" Grace asked.

“Large, wealthy, and famous in its day,” Mr. Aguilar replied. “There was born our peerless writer, Judah Hallevi, and the eminent commentator Abraham Ibn Ezra; there flourished the philosopher Abraham Ibn Daud and the poet Alcharisi, and a host of scholars during many generations. But all these passed away, and the synagogue, after 1492, was handed over to an order of monks, who dedicated it to St. Benedict. In the history of these two synagogues what joy and sorrow are mingled! But I fear I am wearying you.”

“The idea, father! Do tell me more about Toledo. What else could we see if we went there to-day?”

“You could see the house in which lived Samuel Ha-Levi, no longer a palace, if ever it was, though none the less an imposing structure. In the cellar was found much treasure, which was seized by King Pedro. Samuel's enemies said it had been unlaw-

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

fully obtained, a charge not proved absolutely. But listen now while I tell you about a church." Grace and her mother were all attention.

"Not very far from the old house of the luckless treasurer of Castile is a beautiful church. Let us enter and examine the pulpit, shaped like an hour-glass. One Sunday—it was in 1391—a gentle preacher spoke to the people from the holy place. His name was Vincent Ferrer. And he spoke so forcibly that in a day or two thousands of Jews, men, women, and children, were put to death, and the glory of Toledo Israel received a crushing blow. When he returned, twenty years later, there were but few Israelites left to arouse his rage. However, he had one of the synagogues changed into a church, the Santa Maria la Blanca, as I mentioned a few minutes ago. And that pulpit can be seen still." Mr. Aguilar stopped for a moment, then continued:

“ But there is more to be seen in Toledo. It is only a short walk from the church to a plain building that bears on its front the inscription in Spanish, ‘ The Brotherhood.’ The door is an ordinary door, but if it had the power of speech, what could it not tell us! For through that door hundreds of our brethren went to their doom. It is the house of the Inquisition, which turned Spain in the latter part of the fifteenth century into a cemetery of the helpless and the innocent it tortured. It seems almost incredible that human beings should act with such fiendish cruelty and in the name of religion.”

“ When Madam Roland was led to death in the Reign of Terror in France,” Mrs. Aguilar remarked, “ her last words were, ‘ O liberty, liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!’ And one might similarly exclaim, ‘ O religion, religion, what crimes are committed in thy name!’ ”

“One story has come down to us from that period,” Mr. Aguilar continued, “of a young Jewess, a faithful daughter, who was put to death for a singular crime. In that period the Jews were not allowed to celebrate the Sabbath or the Passover, to hold religious services, or even say Hebrew prayers. One day this girl’s mother became gravely ill, and she thought the hour of death was near. She had her daughter summoned, and begged her to repeat the Shemang. And as the mother passed away, the girl uttered the Hebrew words, Shemang Yisrael, ‘Hear, O Israel, the Lord Our God, the Lord is One,’ Israel’s watchword through the ages.’ For this fearful crime the daughter was hurried to the hall of the Inquisition, and there put to death under the sharpest torture.”

“O father, I am so glad that no one prevents my studying Hebrew or reading my Hebrew prayers,” said Grace.

"You should be more than glad, my child," her mother exclaimed. "You should be grateful for the privilege. To think that to-day, after so many centuries of change and destruction, you can read and speak the words of Psalmist and Prophet. I wish more of our boys and girls appreciated this privilege. Of what use is the Torah to us, if we are unable to read it, of what avail the poetry and philosophy of Holy Writ, if we cannot understand the language in which it has been preserved for all time? Now, I do not say that boys and girls should know it as thoroughly as if they were college professors, but they ought to have some knowledge, together with love and enthusiasm for their heritage. They are none the less English boys and girls, proud of Old England and its spirit of freedom, which is taught as our English inheritance."

"Perhaps, Grace," Mr. Aguilar said,

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

rising from the sofa, "we have had a rather serious chat for a Sabbath morning. It is a wonderful history, the story of the Jews of Spain. And it is a story which we Jews to-day should never forget, although we live in peace and contentment. Now, Grace, please see if you can help your mother get dinner ready. You ought to be hungry after listening to such a long recital."

"Yes, I am, indeed, hungry," the child said, gazing earnestly at him, "I am hungry for more. I wish it were next Sabbath."

"Ah, you want to have two dinners at once, you rogue, do you?" and Mr. Aguilar laughed heartily as Grace ran to help her mother.

V

A NEW FRIEND

The days and weeks went by quickly, marked by no great event in Grace's life, no wonderful incidents to be chronicled. There were tasks to be done punctually, home duties to be performed quietly. Music, reading, sewing, daily lessons with her mother, a short essay weekly, and the daily entry in her precious diary, this kept her mornings fully occupied. In the afternoon she would romp in the orchard with one or two of her girl friends, or walk out in the woods with them. She would spend time tidying the garden or arranging her collection of shells. She did not know how to be idle. One afternoon she was in the orchard reading a favorite book, when her mother called to her from the porch:

"O Grace, I have something to say to you."

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

“What is it, mother?” asked Grace, running to her.

“I met Agnes Cameron a little while ago, and she said that her aunt, Mrs. Hall, was coming to see us this afternoon. She wishes very much to meet you. Why, there they are,” and soon Mrs. Hall was the centre of an interested circle. She was a clever, entertaining woman, only recently married to an artist of some distinction, and she was already showing marked ability in her articles in the press. She was cheerful and animated, as was to be expected from one of Irish birth. In her fifteenth year she had left Dublin, and had lived since in London, where she had gained a host of friends. She liked particularly young friends, and was glad to be brought to the Aguilers, to whose daughter her niece Agnes was attached so tenderly.

“Mrs. Aguilar,” she exclaimed, after they had chatted a while, “I have a

request to make of you. Agnes has talked so much of Grace to me that I know her almost as well as she does." And she smiled as she clasped Grace's hand.

"And what is this request, Mrs. Hall?" Mrs. Aguilar asked somewhat amused, for she imagined what was desired.

"I want Grace with me for a morning, if not a whole day, in London. I want to show her the sights, the shops, the people. Do let her come, Mrs. Aguilar."

"Do," implored Agnes, "do let her go. She will have the time of her life."

"And it will not be, Mrs. Aguilar, like poor Mike MacGowan, who was sent to jail for fifty years, and had the time of his life!" and again Mrs. Hall smiled in her winning manner.

"It is very, very kind of you, Mrs. Hall," Mrs. Aguilar said, "to take so much interest in my daughter. I shall let Grace answer for herself. Do you wish

to spend a morning in London with Mrs. Hall? ”

“ Oh, yes, mother,” Grace answered joyously. “ I should dearly like to go. Thank you ever so much, Mrs. Hall.”

“ My daughter accepts your kind invitation, and will be ready any day to accompany you. Only do not let her see such magnificent sights that she will not look with favor on her quiet home when she returns.”

“ Mother dear, there is no danger of that,” Grace replied with an impulsive embrace.

“ She will love the quiet home and its gentle ways only the more for her brief absence,” Mrs. Hall exclaimed, as she rose to leave. “ I shall call, Grace, within a few days, and bring you back safe and sound before dark. Good-bye, dearie. Good morning, Mrs. Aguilar.”

And the same week Grace found herself

in the streets of London, side by side with Mrs. Hall, who was fond of walking, and an excellent guide as well as companion. They were soon a distance from her home, which was near the British Museum, and in the course of a few hours they saw many famous sights, besides having a light lunch at a tea-shop. The parks with the well-kept paths, the markets full of fresh flowers and vegetables, the window boxes of blossoms in many houses that enlivened the dusty stone work or smoke-blackened bricks, aroused her admiration. Then, as they turned into the business thoroughfares, with their long line of warehouses, hurrying throngs of people, deafening noise of carriage, wagon, and 'bus, with bridges in the distance veiled in fog, Grace clung to Mrs. Hall half in fear. But she overcame her timidity when Mrs. Hall began to talk.

“Just think, Grace, that Shakespeare once trod this street, the Strand, and not

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

far from here he acted in his theatre. And as he strolled across the old bridge, how he must have studied the faces of passers-by and watched their attitudes! He was a careful observer, and that is why his works live to-day, and will live for ages to come. Many of his songs and speeches, his clowns and princes, sprang into his mind amid these crowded, narrow streets."

"But, Mrs. Hall," Grace quickly rejoined, "surely his Oberon, with his 'wild thyme, oxlip, and nodding violet,' could not have sprung from the London streets. Shakespeare must have thought of the fields around Stratford, when he wrote, 'Cuckoo buds of yellow hue do paint the meadows with delight.'"

"Grace, you adorable girl, I never thought you knew your Shakespeare so well."

"We spent a month at Stratford on one of our journeys."

“Did you, dear? Come, let us hurry on. There is Fleet Street, and you can imagine Doctor Johnson taking his walk up and down, with Boswell at his heels. He loved his cup of tea—or shall we say tay?—and his Fleet Street—and—”

At this moment, a tall man of about forty, well-dressed and clear-eyed, drew near and bowed to Mrs. Hall.

“O Mr. Montefiore,” she exclaimed, leading Grace to him. “This is Grace Aguilar, Mr. Emanuel Aguilar’s daughter, to whom I am showing a bit of London, a rare bit, indeed.”

“I am, indeed, glad to meet you, my daughter,” Mr. Montefiore rejoined. “I know your parents very well. They are both good friends of mine, and deservedly held in high esteem.”

“And I am glad to meet you, Mr. Montefiore. My father told me only a few days ago that you had just returned from the Holy Land.”

“ Yes, indeed, my first, but not my last, journey, I trust, to the land of our fathers, may the Almighty restore its greatness and rebuild its desolated cities ! ” The words came reverently to his lips amid the stir and bustle of one of London’s busiest streets. “ And now, ladies, I must bid you good-day,” he added in a courtly manner. “ Give my very kindest regards to your dear parents, and beg them to bring you to see me and my wife at the earliest opportunity. And you, Mrs. Hall, tell your good husband that I should like him to call next Wednesday. It is possible that I may have secured a good patron for him. He does fine work, madam, fine work. Good-day ! ” and the tall form disappeared in the throng.

“ That is a remarkable man, Grace,” Mrs. Hall observed. “ He is all goodness.”

“ Yes, and how he loves the Holy Land !

To utter a prayer in the open street for its restoration!" added Grace.

"Look, Grace, look at that young man, so extravagantly dressed, with a cane in his hand and constantly bowing to people!"

"Why, he seems to know everybody," said Grace, wonderingly. "What a curious curl on his forehead, as he raised his hat! Is he an actor, Mrs. Hall?"

"That is young Disraeli, the son of Isaac Disraeli, who is a kind of literary hermit. Perhaps I may take you some morning to his den. The son is an extraordinary man of about twenty-four. His first novel, 'Vivian Grey,' is still the talk of the town. He was eighteen when he wrote it. I fancy he intends to be Prime Minister some of these days. He has enough ambition, although it may overleap itself. There, he is talking to Samuel Rogers, who counts his verses and his bonds, for he is a banker poet. Rogers is a family friend,

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

and at his advice Isaac Disraeli had his family baptized."

"Oh, Mrs. Hall, how could they forsake the living God of Israel?" and Grace was deeply moved.

"Tut, tut, tut, child! It was merely pique on his part. I don't think he cared much for any other God than his book dust. He had a quarrel with the synagogue about the payment of a fine, and in anger at what he considered an unjust claim he left the congregation, and had his children baptized. You can ask your parents more about the matter. But it is growing late, and we must return home, although not until I show you New Court, where the Rothschilds have their office. Look, it is that plain building. They are kings in the world of business, and strictly honorable in all their dealings, as every nation knows."

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Hall. I read all about the Rothschilds, and how they got their

name from the red shield on the old home in Frankfort. Didn't they?"

"Yes, indeed. The history of that family is as interesting as a romance. But really, Grace, we must hurry. I promised to bring you home before dark. Come, my child."

Grace reached home a little after dark. Her parents had not been at all worried on her account, for they knew that she was in safe hands. They thanked Mrs. Hall warmly for her kindness, and she left after inviting Grace to spend an entire day with her in a few weeks. While the Aguilar's resided in the outskirts of London, Grace, usually accompanied by her friend Agnes, visited Mrs. Hall often, and came to know some of the famous artists and writers of the time. Under her guidance she went to Westminster Abbey with its tombs and memorials of great men, or to the Tower of London with its gloomy and gruesome

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

memories, or to the old nooks and corners associated with the lives and works of eminent authors of the past, of which London was then so full. And Grace never tired of these trips.

"Mrs. Hall," she said once to her friend, "you know I intend to be a writer."

"That is a noble profession. Perhaps some day I may edit a magazine, and have you as a contributor. Tell me, Grace, have you written anything yet?"

"Well," the girl replied shyly, "I write every day in my diary, and I am planning a drama."

"A drama, Grace! Why, that is aiming pretty high, is it not?"

"It is about Gustavus Vasa, the hero of Sweden. I do not know if I shall ever have time to finish it," and Grace sighed.

"And what other literary plans have you, Miss Shakespeare-Milton?"

"You will not laugh if I tell you? You

promise, promise, promise!" And Mrs. Hall solemnly promised.

"Well, I want to champion my people and my religion," she said proudly.

"Dearest Grace, no wish could be nobler, no aim higher. Perhaps I may aid you. Who can tell?"

Ah, who can tell how each human life is guided, how influences are brought to bear on each one of us, how, when once our thoughts and ambitions are turned in the right direction, a thousand friends are at our side, although we know it not? Who could tell how deeply in the coming years Mrs. Hall was to love Grace Aguilar, how useful was to be her counsel, and how, at the last, she was to make a pilgrimage to her friend's grave at Frankfort, not very far from the Rothschild house, and write so tender and inspiring a tribute in her memory?

VI

LEAVES FROM A DIARY

Most boys and girls are fond, at one time in their lives, of keeping a diary. At least they start, with much resolution, a diary that shall record their daily experiences. With what care they begin the first page, as if it were the most solemn matter in the world! How faithfully they write the next day's chronicle, and the next, and possibly the next, and then the entries become less and less, and after a few attempts to recover lost ground and do the task properly, they cease altogether. A few pages, some fragmentary records, a date and an address here and there, that is the diary of most of them.

Now, to keep a diary properly and faithfully is a delightful occupation. Never mind how busy we may be and how active at school or at home, at play or at our studies,

LEAVES FROM A DIARY

it is always possible to take a few minutes, ten or fifteen at the most, and write down the interesting incidents of each day, some briefly and others at greater length. What we see and hear, the many topics that are brought to our attention, the hopes we cherish, the plans we are considering, the happy thoughts that occur to us—why should we not try to retain these in our memory? By keeping a diary we improve in many ways. We learn to write more correctly and express our thoughts more fluently. After a few months we can realize the progress we are making. Of course, in such a diary we should not exaggerate or magnify what takes place, nor should we write too much about ourselves, as if we were the most important people in the world. We should avoid recording mere trifles and moods, passing swiftly as the flight of birds. We should fasten upon what is real, genuine, and vital.

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

From her babyhood, pencil and paper had had a fascination for Grace. They were the toys that satisfied her for hours. Merely to draw odd lines and scratch the soft surface of the paper was a delight to her. Gradually the lines became more regular, and little by little, when she noticed the larger letters on newspapers and shop signs, she began to form her letters. With some help from her mother, always ready to aid, she next wrote short words, then simple sentences, and before her seventh year her progress was so marked that she could send a neatly written and well-composed letter to her father when he was away on one of his trips.

It was in about her seventh year that she began to keep regularly a daily journal, or diary, jotting down what she saw or heard or thought, with the strictest regard for the truth. After visiting a new scene, or meeting some friend of her parents who had just

LEAVES FROM A DIARY

returned from abroad, she delighted to record the impression that such incidents made. Her parents were fond of the beauties of nature, and early directed her attention to what was particularly lovely or striking in the landscape, in wave and cloud, in starlight and sunset. No flower and no shrub were too small to escape her notice. And in her diary she would recall anything unusual in the many objects she observed on her journeyings with her parents, whether a shell or a plant, a rock or a tree. It was the beauty of the scenery in Devonshire that inspired Grace, when the Aguilara went to reside there, to write her earliest verse, which showed promise of greater merit with the years. Here it was that her parents noticed her poetical gifts, and tried to develop her taste and improve her mind. They were careful not to praise her too much, when she showed them a poem she had written, nor did they discourage

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

her. She knew, however, that there were more important duties to be done than writing poetry. Hence she wrote few poems, which showed wise restraint on her part.

After her first day in London with Mrs. Hall, her diary, always thoughtful, assumed a still more serious spirit. More and more, without losing its simplicity, it became a treasure house of her dearest thoughts and resolves. What her playmates said and did, Maud's pleasantries, Sylvia's timidity, or Agnes's helpful counsel were recorded less and less, while the thoughts inspired by a book, or suggested by a conversation with her parents, were reported at greater length and with more frequency.

"1828, August 11. Mother took me yesterday to meet Mr. and Mrs. Montefiore. They were very kind, and they asked us to come soon again. Mrs. Montefiore is a very sweet woman, so devoted to her hus-

band, who looks like a giant next to her. She has a gentle voice and loving ways. Both appear to be of one spirit in their love of Jerusalem. I noticed the name in Hebrew in different parts of their sunny parlor, on the wall and over the centre window. Mr. Montefiore spoke interestingly about his recent trip to Palestine. He thinks the young men and women there need to be taught useful trades and occupations, and the people should engage more in tilling the soil, as our fathers did ages ago. He regards it as the highest purpose of his life to help Jerusalem, so that the 'waste places of Zion shall rejoice' and 'the wilderness blossom like the rose.' I was too timid to speak; I only listened to his kind and wise words. How dearly should I like to visit them again and tell them all I wish and hope for when I grow older! I do not think that I should make it so much my aim to go to Palestine and

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

help to educate my people there, as to teach them here in England and their neighbors of other creeds how noble and beautiful our religion is. . . . ”

Grace always had reverence for Jerusalem, and somewhat later, after listening to organ music in one of the London churches,—organs were not permitted in the synagogues—she composed a lengthy poem on “A Vision of Jerusalem,” which she afterwards rewrote. These few opening verses illustrate her fervent style:

I saw thee, O my fatherland, my beautiful, my own!
As if thy God had raised thee, from the dust where
thou art strewn,

His glory cast around thee, and thy children bound
to Him,

In links so brightly woven, no sin their light could dim.

Methought the cymbal's sacred sound came softly on
my ear;

The timbrel and the psaltery and the harp's full notes
were near;

And thousand voices chanted His glory to upraise,
More heavenly and thrillingly than e'en in David's
days.

" 1828, September 11. My mother told me a thrilling thought this morning—just as different flowers blossom in different parts of the world, so there are good qualities in the various religions. No religion should say, All the good qualities are in me, and my blossoms surpass in beauty and perfume those elsewhere. For a wise purpose God has sent to earth the Jew, the Christian, and the Mahometan, and when these realize their best principles, then is our Messiah's coming hastened and the era of perfection near. The Jew may feel that his religion is the best—and it is the best for him—but it is not right for him to boast of it before others. That only arouses their enmity. Let the Jew show his superiority by the superior life, my mother said. She thinks that much of the prejudice against the Jew is due to the claim that he is better than his neighbor. He should say like Cassius to Brutus in Shakespeare's Julius

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

Caesar, 'I said an older not a better soldier.' "

" 1828, September 17. I like Maud, I admire Sylvia, but I love Agnes. I like Maud for her humor and her cheerfulness. I admire Sylvia for her modest ways, her desire to please, and her unselfishness. But I love Agnes—she is so good and helpful, she answers so slowly and calmly, she is like a rock, and one may depend upon her for the right word and the right deed. . . . They will all grow up into noble women, but I think Agnes will be most beloved. She will be just like dear Mrs. Anna Maria Hall, my best friend next to my mother and my father. May God keep them all in His loving care. Amen."

" 1828, September 19. My father told me yesterday of a balloon ascension in London in the morning, and how the

intrepid balloonist remained aloft for three hours, being so long out of sight that the people were frightened, and then he floated down to the ground in fine condition. Many think that balloons will become as common as omnibuses, and will carry us for miles, perhaps across to Paris or even to America. My father said that the world is only at the beginning of great discoveries in science that will benefit mankind wonderfully, and bring all the nations very near to each other."

" 1828, October 1. I do not know why I made so many foolish mistakes when playing the piano to-day. I love music dearly, and if such blunders occur again, I shall feel deeply mortified. It was a Spring Song I was trying to play. I should have thought of the flowers under the ground waiting to blossom forth, of the streams in the woods beginning to be free from ice,

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

of the tall trees ready to put forth their tiny buds. The song should have a joyous melody, and I gave it a gloomy tone, as though spring days were full of sadness. My mother always insists upon my feeling what the music is to express. She says that only in this way can a pianist sympathize with the theme and the composer; otherwise a player is wooden and mechanical. I wonder if I shall ever be able to write music of my own. What rapture! That would be a greater triumph than writing poetry. . . . ”

“ 1828, October 7. My father praised me to-day for knowing my Hebrew lesson well. It is nice to receive praise, but no Jewish child should expect praise for knowing the Hebrew language. It is our language as a people. To read the language of our Psalmist and Prophets is a privilege. At the colleges they teach the great Latin

and Greek writers, but if these were lost, all would not be lost. If our Sacred Writings vanish, the world could not recover from such a calamity. When we study Hebrew, we do our share to preserve Holy Writ. What a glorious thought, to repeat the words of a Moses, a David, a Micah, an Isaiah! My father said that their writings live, because they wrote, not for their time alone, but for all time. If any other people had such a language and such a heritage, how we should envy them! It is not a difficult study. By learning the meaning of a few words daily, in a short time we may know a great many words, and so read easily without the use of a dictionary, which is so very tedious to the beginner. Any girl of ordinary mind can readily master the grammar, if she has as good a teacher as my father. He was most amusing yesterday, when he said that the letters of the Hebrew alphabet all have

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

some meaning. For instance, aleph means an ox; bet, a house; gimmel, a camel; dalet, a door, and so on. I wonder if Mrs. Hall knows any Hebrew. She is Irish, and they can speak, so I have heard, every language. They are a very talkative people."

VII

A RAINY AFTERNOON

The Aguilars were accustomed to walk out with their daughter on a Saturday afternoon and visit a neighbor before evening. But it was raining so heavily on the Saturday we are speaking of, a week or two after Grace's memorable day in London, that they found home the best place in such unpleasant weather. Grace and her parents had the knack of knowing how to amuse themselves. Having active minds, they were never at a loss how to pass the time. Nor did they seek outside entertainment when it was supplied from within in such rich measure.

Is that idea a little hard for you to understand? Remember that there are two fairies in this world of ours. One is called Without, the other Within. The former

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

is a great help to us, for it controls all the influences that come to us from the weather, the sunshine, pleasant visitors, and many other agencies. The latter is something invisible, something that cannot be seen. It dwells within us, in our minds and hearts and feelings and sympathies. When these are educated aright, and we are taught to be helpful and active, we do not want Fairy Without to entertain us, for we have Fairy Within for that very purpose. When it rains and storms, and no one calls, and the house seems dreary, Fairy Within quietly touches our mind and heart with her magic wand, and so happy and contented are we that we do not care about the weather. We can always have sunshine, if only we answer the fairy's wondrous call.

In other words, Grace and her parents had resources within themselves, which occupied them cheerfully even on stormy mornings and evenings, and on this Sabbath

they were not discontented or disappointed because a walk was impossible. After the cheerful midday meal they sat together on the sofa watching the heavy rain, and listening to the frequent thunder claps.

"Do you know, Grace," Mr. Aguilar said, after a vivid flash of lightning, "that you were a little coward in your early childhood, and always cried at a flash of lightning?"

"Was I, father?" Grace returned smilingly. "It was very foolish, was it not?"

"One day I determined to cure you of your fear. There was just such a storm as this. We were staying at Hastings, that charming resort by the sea, and there was a pretty garden back of the house. You were very much alarmed, and I felt rather mortified, for I could not quiet you. As soon as I noticed that the clouds were breaking, and the rain was gradually diminishing, I took you out in the open air, although there

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

were still lightning flashes now and then. We strolled up and down the walk, your tiny hand in mine. The air was sweet after the storm, the flowers looked as if they had enjoyed their shower bath, in the distance the blue of the sky was slowly widening. And then I told you how the storm benefits air and soil, flowers and fruit. And you said, 'Faver, I sall not be frightened any more.' "

Grace could not help laughing at Mr. Aguilar's attempt to mimic her voice, while she added quickly, "Father, I remember now that you seemed like a big giant as I walked by your side, and your hand as large as a—as a dinner plate."

"And yours," her mother chimed in, "was as small as—as small as the hand of the tiniest Queen Titania that ever ruled the fairies."

"Talking about fairies," her father said, "what do you say to a story which is

like a fairy story and yet not wholly a fairy story? ”

“ The very thing, father ”—there came a kiss and a hug—“ the very thing and the very time for it,” and Grace smoothed her dress, sat back on the sofa, and eagerly awaited the story. She did not have long to wait.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF WISDOMLAND

It was a warm day in Jerusalem. Solomon the king had just returned from his morning's hurried flight on his magic carpet through the air to the mountain, to enjoy a cool breeze that would refresh him for the day. He was resting on his divan before the open window in his palace, while five slaves fanned away the flies, and made the atmosphere less stifling. In the garden that stretched in front, not a leaf seemed to stir. A haze covered the city in the distance. All was still. Solomon tried to

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

sleep, but whenever his eyelids were about to close, the birds on a tall oak, a few feet from the palace, began an incessant chatter, and aroused him. Again and again he tried to sleep, but to no purpose. Suddenly he sprang from the window and listened. Now, he knew the language of all the birds, being wise above all men. He thought he was acquainted with the customs of all countries, their kings and queens and laws and people. But here was a mere bird, the hoopoe, with its long pointed bill, talking to a chance acquaintance about a nation of which he, the great Solomon, was totally ignorant. So, without further ceremony, he called the bird to the window, touching at the same time a seal ring that had the power of compelling all things to do his bidding.

“Tell me,” he exclaimed to the trembling bird, which was dreadfully alarmed at being spoken to without an introduction,

A RAINY AFTERNOON

"tell me, what land were you talking about?"

"It was Sh- Sh- Sheba, your Majesty," the hoopoe replied, greatly agitated.

"Ah, Sheba! And, pray, what kind of a land is it?"

"O your Majesty, the very dust of its soil is more precious than gold, and the dust of its streets is like the purest silver."

"A fine land, indeed. Anything else to say about it?"

"Yes, your Majesty," came the answer, in less nervous tones, for the bird was growing accustomed to Solomon's voice and manner. The trees there are as old as creation, and the brooks and rivers flowed from the Garden of Eden, which supplied also the wreaths and garlands that adorn the people."

"What is its king's name? Is he a man of might?"

"There is no king, your Majesty, but a

queen, as fair as the morning dawn, as wise as an owl of a thousand years, and as good as a full saucer of milk on a warm day."

Solomon touched his seal ring, and a black slave appeared, so tall and threatening that the bird was filled with terror at the sight.

"A saucer of milk at once for the bird," the king exclaimed. The slave vanished, and in a second returned with the milk, which the hoopoe enjoyed greatly.

"Come, my fine fellow, now that you are refreshed I wish you to return to Sheba and give a letter to its fair queen." The bird bowed in meek submission, and soon it carried Solomon's letter under its wing. The note was written on the thinnest and smoothest skin, with the brightest and clearest ink, and perfumed by the most fragrant essence of rose. It was as light as a feather of the tiniest bird, and enclosed in the softest swansdown, so that it was no

A RAINY AFTERNOON

burden for the hoopoe to carry. Now, in this letter, which seemed so fair and fragrant, Solomon commanded the queen to appear before him. "If thou comest not," he added, "I shall arouse the hosts of the air and the land, the caves and the hidden places beneath the sea, all the spirits of day and of night that obey me, and they shall advance against thee and thy country in swift cohorts. If thou art really wise, come, come!"

Great was the terror of the queen when, one bright day, the hoopoe appeared before her palace, and gave her a mysterious letter. Although the sun was shining, the day grew dark to her, and a heavy load weighed upon her spirits. In her dismay, she turned to her sages, the wise men who made the laws of the land, and the princes who ruled her army, and she implored them to give her counsel. But they were of no avail. They had never heard of Solo-

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

mon. Yet he must be a mighty king, so her thoughts ran, to know how to speak to the hoopoe! So she resolved to visit him. But first she despatched ships filled with precious jewels, costly raiment, the finest embroideries and silks, of wonderful color and quality. Besides, she sent Solomon six thousand boys and girls, clad in purple, all of the same age to the very minute, and of the same height and appearance. And in the letter forwarded with the gifts, she stated that, although it was a seven years' journey from the capital of Sheba to the city of Jerusalem, she would come in three years. He could depend upon her visit.

At last she came. Great were the rejoicings. The streets were crowded with people eager to see her. After a sumptuous reception and banquet, Solomon resolved to test her skill, and he invited her to set certain tasks before him. Thus it would be proved who was the greater in wisdom-land, the king or the queen.

"Here are two wreaths," she said, placing two wreaths on the table before him. "Which is real, which artificial?" He bade a slave open a window, and a bee humming without entered, and settled upon the real flower, and Solomon won the victory.

A group of people were seen in a corner of the hall, all dressed alike and all wearing masks. "Tell me," the queen asked, "which are men and which women?" He commanded a slave to give each of them a broom, and he ordered them to sweep. It was an easy matter to discover from the awkward manner of some that they were the men. And again Solomon triumphed.

"A riddle I shall next ask you to solve," the queen exclaimed. "What cries in a heavy windstorm and bends its head low, suffocates the criminal and clothes the wealthy, is destruction to the fish and pleasure to the bird?" Quick as a flash came Solomon's answer: "Flax."

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

“One more riddle, your Majesty. What is that which comes like dust from the earth, whose food is dust, which is poured out like water, and which illuminates the house?” In an instant Solomon had solved it by the answer: “Naphtha.”

“Enough, enough,” replied the queen astonished at his ready and correct replies. “I did not believe what I heard of thee, until I came and saw with my own eyes. Great is Solomon of Israel! Happy must be thy people!”

The story was over. The rain had ceased.

“Did you enjoy it, my daughter?” Mr. Aguilar asked.

“Well, it was very, very delightful, father, but that hoopoe was altogether too knowing a bird to ask for a saucer of milk the way he did.”

A RAINY AFTERNOON

“Come, let us go out for a little walk anyway, Sarah. Grace need not come unless she wants to.”

“Of course I want to!” And the three were soon enjoying the cool air of early evening.

VIII IN THE ORCHARD

On a bright, warm Wednesday afternoon in late October, on a school holiday, three girls made their way to the Aguilers, and with sundry endearments, in which they were experts, took Grace, who was unresisting, for an afternoon all by themselves. Mrs. Aguilar was glad to excuse her daughter from her tasks for the day. The child needed fresh air, and the few hours' change would benefit her.

"Where will you go, girls?" she asked.
"Will it be the orchard?"

"That is a secret, mother of Grace," Agnes replied in a rather lofty tone.

"A secret, Agnes! A secret! Goodness, how mysterious you are! Do you wish to arouse my curiosity?"

The girls all laughed, while Grace, lingering for a moment to give her mother an

IN THE ORCHARD

extra kiss, whispered, "Of course it is the orchard, mother dear. Do you not know that it is our regular meeting-room and house of parliament?"

Could there have been a better spot for a secret meeting-place than the orchard in Sylvia's home, a large farm at a little distance from the Aguilar dwelling? It was removed many feet from the main building, and surrounded on three sides by trees that grew so tall and with such widespread branches that they shut out the outside world. Here the girls, with all the vigor at their command, had levelled the ground, cleared away the fallen leaves and twigs, set up a small bench and table; and whenever the opportunity came and the weather was favorable, they would assemble in secret conclave, as if they were the most important body in the kingdom.

Secret? They thought it was secret, but there were shrewd eavesdroppers, who list-

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

ened and wondered and smiled and listened again. Secret? Why, the birds heard all they had to say, and chirped and chattered as merrily as the girls themselves. The trees were moved in sympathy, as the happy voices were borne to their swaying boughs. The clouds knew about these gatherings, and were so interested that on more than one occasion they held back the raindrops until the conference was over. Secret, indeed! As if such joyous, kind-hearted, loving friends could wish to keep a secret of their gay or their serious moods!

“ Sylvia! ” It was Maud who spoke, while munching bread-cake, which had been provided in lavish quantities by Sylvia’s mother. “ Whenever I get under these trees I feel hungry, and it is only two hours since I had luncheon.”

“ Remarkable, indeed,” Agnes said, adding, as she drank a glass of milk with evident relish, “ and it always makes me thirsty.”

IN THE ORCHARD

"And you, Grace," Sylvia asked, "how does it affect you?"

"Well, I feel too happy to eat or drink." And Grace looked up at the sky.

"Watch her, girls," Maud exclaimed admiringly, "she is preparing to compose a poem. But I'll write one first. So here goes:

Although not dressed in silk,
I love my glass of milk,
And my cheeks are rosy red,
Because I eat cakebread.

Do excuse my use of the word cakebread. It is poetic license for bread-cake. Still I might just as well have written:

And I always am awake
Whene'er I see bread-cake.

Now, there! What do you think of my original poetry, Miss Aguilar?"

"Now, for my part," so ran Sylvia's calm utterance, "I do not see much sense in poetry. Of course"—with a deep bow

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

to Grace—"I do not wish to throw any discredit on your verse, or even on Maud's."

"Very flattering, Sylvia," Maud rejoined, "to class me among the budding songsters. The honor is overwhelming."

"Why, girls," Grace remarked, "I do not write poetry very often, I assure you; only now and then, when I am in the mood."

"Do tell us, Grace, about the mood," mischievous Maud asked. "Do tell us. Is it the subjunctive mood or the indicative mood or the tender mood?"

"I'll tell you, girls. But I should not notice such a tease as Maud. You have a certain feeling that the blossom is more fragrant, the sky broader, and your parents' love deeper than you ever knew before. And then you are very, very quiet for a few moments. Then the verses come. Now do you understand?"

"The verses come, Grace? Where do they come from?" Maud asked again.

"I'll explain, girls," Sylvia volunteered. "It is just as when you make an omelet. You stir up the white of an egg, and stir up the yolk of an egg. Then you put in a little salt and a little milk. Next you pour it all into the pan, and there you are." Sylvia rather prided herself on her proficiency as a cook, and on this occasion, it is to be feared, it was as much to display her ability in that line as to explain a poet's moods that she was so eager to speak.

"Of course, Sylvia is right," Agnes observed. "Our poet stirs up her ideas, and puts them on the frying-pan of her mood, don't you see? And there you are!"

Loud was the outcry at these remarks, which was only quieted by further attention to the cake and the milk, in which Grace now readily joined. When these had wholly disappeared,—it did not take very many minutes,—there was a solemn silence.

“Girls, let us be serious now.” It was Agnes who spoke, and in her most queenly way. “Let us consider calmly, frankly, and sincerely what is our aim in life, or, in other words, what we wish to become. Do you all understand the question?”

“Certainly we do,” Sylvia responded. “And I can answer at once. I intend to become a missionary.”

“A missionary!” Maud exclaimed with a shudder. “A missionary! Just think of Sylvia’s going among the savages and trying to make them civilized! Just think of it!”

“Yes, yes,” Sylvia repeated. “I intend to be a missionary, not among the savages abroad, but among civilized people at home; not in Africa, but in England. I shall teach the art of cookery. The field is large, my father says. We have ample food in England, but very poor cooks. Now, I am a born cook, and I expect to

utilize any ability I possess in that direction. What aim could be higher? A good cook will ensure appetizing food, and appetizing, nicely prepared food means health for mind and body. There you have something practical and useful. Kitchen missionaries are needed more and more. I shall be one, and armed with dust-cloth and frying-pan bring about a new era at our meals. Hurrah! ”

“ Hurrah for you! ” shouted Maud, excitedly; then, growing calmer, she said: “ Now, I am not so unselfish. My highest aim is to be a lady, like the ladies we saw on the stage last December. Do you not remember, Agnes, how they swept majestically across the boards, with long, dazzling trains and black patches on their chins? They seemed to have nothing to do but walk in and out, and always with new dresses. I shall be a lady most assuredly. To do nothing but promenade in a new

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

dress every blessed day, that is my ideal, girls."

"We were not to jest," Grace interposed frowningly, "and, Maud, you know you are jesting."

"My adorable little saint, I am really and truly in earnest. My aim, as I stated, is to be a well-dressed lady with a black patch on her chin."

"O Maud, how absurdly you talk," cried Sylvia. "She is incorrigible."

"And my highest aim," said Agnes, after apparently thinking a great deal, "is to follow my aunt Anna Maria all over the globe and gather carefully the sheets of paper she throws wildly on the floor as she finishes each page. I would also mend her pens, keep her ink-bottle full, arrange her desk with due orderliness, and so help her that she might write and write on forever."

"Why, Agnes Cameron," it was Maud's

scornful utterance, "that is absurd. You are merely jesting, Miss." She imitated Grace's voice and manner so cleverly that a general outburst of laughter followed, amid which Sylvia's dog came running into the charmed circle. He was called Nap. His real name was Napoleon Bonaparte, but he was such a small fox terrier that a long name seemed to irritate him. Call "Nap!" "Come, Nap!" "Now jump, Nap!" and he was ready to fly for you. But if you addressed him, "Come, Napoleon Bonaparte!" he would not advance an inch or wag his tail in response. He was evidently a dog of fixed purpose.

"It is your turn, Grace," Sylvia cried, clapping her hands. "Come, tell us!"

"Shall I tell the truth, girls? Now, please do not laugh at the confession. I wish to become a writer, and in my writings I want to teach as well as entertain. My home has been so happy and my parents so

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

loving that I should like to write books that would brighten other lives and make other homes as happy. And—”

Grace hesitated for a moment. The girls were struck by her earnest face, and they listened attentively as she went on:

“—and I have another aim in life. Do you remember, Sylvia, in one of our summer strolls in the woods we saw a gypsy woman, and you said that she was a witch or a Jewess?”

“O Grace, I told you I was sorry, did I not?”

“Now, Sylvia, I want to prove that the Jewess is no witch, and I desire that the world honor her for all she has been. You, Sylvia, a sweet English girl, and reared in an intelligent Christian home, have not entirely lost a certain feeling of prejudice, due wholly to ignorance. And I would write to destroy that ignorance. The Jewess was the pioneer in all that makes

IN THE ORCHARD

for home and religion. She was a princess like Sarah, a leader like Deborah, a queen like Esther, a noble daughter like Ruth, a tender mother like Hannah. If to-day she is hunted down in lands that claim to be civilized, they who block her path toward advancement are the witches. She is helpless and innocent."

Again Grace hesitated for a moment, while the girls watched her, too fascinated by her serious mood to interrupt.

"I have another aim—to teach the Christian and the Jew to respect each other's creed and character. They revere the same Book, are guided by the same Ten Commandments, pray to the same Father in Heaven, believe in an immortal life beyond. I am telling you only what my mother has taught me. Why, then, should they be unfriendly to each other? They should rather work together against those who deride all religion, and have no other

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

thought than their own selfish enjoyment."

"Dearest Grace," Agnes exclaimed impulsively, rushing to her friend, "I think you have the best aim of all, and I am sure you will succeed. But it is almost dark, and we must return. Look at that faithful Nap trying to make Sylvia follow him," and soon the dog and his mistress were running towards the house, while Agnes, Maud, and Grace, arm in arm, were slowly walking home.

That evening Sylvia told her mother about Grace and her aim in life.

"Mother, she is the dearest, loveliest girl in the whole world," she exclaimed. "She is not a Jewess at all, I declare."

"Why, my daughter, what an unjust remark! Not a Jewess? The Aguilars and their ancestors were nobles and scholars when your fathers were common ploughmen and serfs. I am surprised to hear such an idea from you."

IN THE ORCHARD

“It is because I love her so much, mother. Oh, why does she not go to our church?” And Sylvia sighed.

“Listen, daughter. You are not too young to know. There are many churches, but only one church. And I think the good, the pure, the loving, belong all to one church or synagogue, by whatever name it may be called. And I am sure Grace’s life and work will lead many worshippers to God’s universal temple. Now, good night, good night, Sylvia dear!”

IX

IN THE SHADOW

The early November days were damp and gloomy. The fog was continuous. For two weeks the sun was hardly visible. In the great city a dark pall or cloud settled upon all things. It was no little task to cross the streets without being run over by some vehicle, and to find one's way even in the day time was difficult. People carried small lanterns to guide themselves and prevent collisions with each other. Some held glowing torches aloft at night. As a rule few walked or drove in the evening, and at day time only those obliged to earn their daily bread. Many of the homes in the residence district were lighted up day and night, the friendly candles in the windows serving as beacons in the mist and darkness.

It was not to be denied that the weather told upon Grace, although she made a

brave fight against it, doing her daily tasks with her usual regularity and cheerfulness. But her mother noticed her growing weakness and constant cough; and without telling her daughter she summoned the family physician, good old Doctor Van Ullem. He came without delay, and his orders were imperative. She must rest in bed for some weeks to regain her strength, and when the sunshine arrived in earnest, not merely for an hour or two, she would be well again.

Grace liked the old doctor and his quaint ways. Although gruff and harsh to others, he always had a twinkle in his eye for her, and with her his voice grew tender and gentle. She knew all about the history of his family, which had fled from Spain to escape the Inquisition. For a time they had lived as Catholics, until they could sell their property and secure means to hasten their flight. They were then called Maranos,

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

and in the eyes of the world had given up their ancient faith. In reality, however, they were warmer Jews than before, and in secret practiced the rites and ceremonies of their religion. Their prayers would often mingle with their tears, as they besought the Almighty for relief and freedom from their heavy burdens. Then, one night, they escaped in disguise to the coast, and sailed for Amsterdam, where for years they struggled with poverty. The doctor's father had settled in England, where he was born, and gained wealth and reputation in his chosen calling.

"You must get to bed, Gracie," those were his words. "Eat all you can. Sleep all you can. You do not need any drugs. Do not read or study. Just rest, and soon you will be able to come to my office, and we can have tea and toast, if you will permit me to escort you to the tea-shop for lunch."

Then began an illness whose seriousness

IN THE SHADOW

Mr. and Mrs. Aguilar quickly realized. Daily, sometimes twice daily, Doctor Van Ullem called, neglecting other duties to help and save Grace. What anxious days, what nights of ceaseless watching! Kindly neighbors were constant in their help. Mrs. Hall came direct from a stay in Dublin, and would leave only on condition that Mrs. Aguilar wrote regularly of the patient's progress. Maud, Sylvia, and Agnes were daily at the house, cheering the parents by their presence and hopefulness. But they could not see Grace—the utmost quietness was essential. Her parents by day and a nurse by night were alone her attendants, except Doctor Van Ullem, who never neglected his visit, often coming at midnight to be assured that she was holding her own.

The crisis was rapidly approaching. One night more would show if the shadow would pass away which rested on that lov-

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

ing household and the hearts of so many friends. Doctor Van Ullem came at midnight, and held Grace's thin hand in his heavy palm, now softly patting her forehead, now gently smoothing her straying curls. The parents were close at her side. From their daughter their gaze wandered to the good physician, as if to gain comfort from his reassuring glance. Not a sound was heard but the labored breathing of the watchers. Thus they sat for hours, until the dawn, when, gathering more and more strength, the sun burst impatiently through the clouds and mist, giving promise of a clear, bright morning. And as the darkness gave way to light, the shadow lifted from the household. "She will live, dear friends," the doctor said, with a confident air. "She will live this time," and his tears of joy could not be restrained.

"God bless you, Doctor Van Ullem, God bless you!" the mother exclaimed. "You have saved my darling."

"Thank the Lord Almighty, Sarah Aguilar," the gruff man replied, half ashamed of his emotion. "But only a miracle will save her the next time, unless you get her away from this damp and fog, and live in a healthier neighborhood. But we can talk of that later. Now, don't see me to the door, good people. I know my way. Good morning. I shall call at noon." And seizing his heavy cane, he was soon tramping down the road.

And Grace did live. The radiance returned to her eyes, some color to her cheeks, more strength to her frame; but for a week longer she remained in bed. Then came a change. She was carried in procession by the whole crowd, consisting of her parents, the nurse, Maud, Sylvia, Agnes, and the dog, who looked as if he was managing the entire affair—carried as special guest of honor into her mother's bed, a huge four-poster. This venerable piece of furniture

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

had been handed down from generation to generation. It was so large and extensive that it almost swallowed its new occupant, to the great amusement of all.

"Now, girls," Mrs. Aguilar said, after they had kissed and hugged Grace in their exuberance of joy, "now, girls, you had better go home. Let Grace rest a while. Come after a few days, will you not? You will then find her ever so much stronger."

They left with tearful protestations against Mrs. Aguilar's ruling, assuring her, however, that they would all come in a few days and bring Nap along. At the word, the dog scampered through the open door, leading the girls a merry chase until they had seen Sylvia to her home.

"O Maud!" Agnes exclaimed as they resumed their walk—they were close neighbors—"I could hardly keep from crying, to see Grace so thin and pale."

"Oh, she will soon become hearty and

strong. I tell you, Agnes, she needs nourishing food. And I, Maud Graham, will prepare for her an omelet that will rapidly restore her to health. Do you know how I prepare an omelet, Agnes?" And Maud glanced roguishly at her friend. "I can do it better than Sylvia."

"Maud Graham, if you say a single word more about making an omelet, I'll never speak to you for a whole—"

"—minute!" gaily interrupted Maud, and further remarks were checked by the sight of her home, into which she disappeared, after waving repeated farewells to Agnes.

Many times, indeed, did the girls call upon Grace, and entertain her while resting upon the big bed with its canopy, which almost touched the ceiling. Often did the parents recall the Psalmist's word, "Although weeping endures through the night, joy comes with the morning." What a

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

load was lifted from their anxious hearts, as daily they saw how Grace was improving, and how her interest increased in her friends, and what they said and did. At first she had been listless and indifferent.

One Saturday morning Agnes and Mrs. Hall called, and were overjoyed to notice how much better she was, as, fully dressed, she sat on the bed. The day was sunny, the air was as warm as in late summer, and the skies were as clear.

"Grace," said Agnes, giving her a small volume, "here is a book which Thomas Hood wrote not long ago. It is called 'Whims and Oddities.' It will certainly make you laugh. My aunt knows him. Do you not, auntie?"

"Yes, indeed, and you would never think that he could write such funny poems, if you saw his serious face."

"Here, Grace," and Agnes opened the book. "Look how this poem begins:

IN THE SHADOW

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms."

Grace smiled, and bade Agnes place the book on the table.

"I declare, Grace Aguilar," Mrs. Hall observed, "you remind me of a very famous Frenchwoman, who used to have literary receptions in Paris, and received her friends just as you do. She was obliged by illness to keep her room, and an elegant alcove was arranged in a large apartment of the house, and there her stately bed was placed, and her friends, literary and political, thronged to see her. She was the celebrated Madame de Rambouillet, who flourished about two hundred years ago, and founded the literary *salon*. There were some clever women who visited her, women like Mademoiselle de Scudéry, Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Lafay-

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

ette, and a host of distinguished men, authors, and statesmen of the day."

"Think of that, Grace," Agnes added, "one of these days the world may talk of Mademoiselle Aguilar's *salon*." And she made a profound curtsy.

Grace pressed her hand in appreciation of her raillery, and soon Mrs. Hall and Agnes left, both rejoiced at their friend's recovery.

It was the end of November, when one morning Mr. Aguilar, taking Grace on his knee—she was now better and did her usual duties about the house and at her books—said to her:

"I have news for you, my pet, news that will surprise you."

"O father, are you going away, and will mother and I be left behind?"

"Yes, I am going away, but your mother and yourself will go with me. What do you say to that?"

IN THE SHADOW

"And where shall we stay this time?" she asked. She was used to frequent journeyings with her parents.

"Well, Grace, Doctor Van Ullem thinks that you need an entire change of scene and a more bracing climate. It will be good for you and for me, too, for my cough has begun to trouble me again. He recommends that we go to Tavistock, in lovely Devonshire, not so very distant from London, and yet far enough to ensure the change that you require to restore your health. And I know that it will benefit me greatly."

So they went to Devonshire, to a pretty home at Tavistock, surrounded by charming scenery, which filled Grace with delight. And here her life continued as before, although she missed her three girl friends keenly.

"Never mind, Grace," Maud assured her on parting, "you will come to the old

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

farm again one of these days, and we shall resume our secret gatherings."

"Yes, indeed," chimed in Sylvia, "and I know that you will need me to give you invaluable hints as to making an omelet."

"Do not worry, Grace. Aunt and I have friends near Tavistock, and we are fond of Devonshire cream, so we shall not neglect you." Agnes spoke comfortingly. "Bark and jump good-bye, Nap!" shouted Sylvia, at the final moment of leave-taking. And Nap was so noisily obedient that his evident gratification at his part in the ceremony prevented more sober thoughts and the tears that might have been shed as the Aguilars drove away to their new abode.

Mrs. Aguilar, duly aided by Grace, soon had the new home in perfect order, so that it had an attractive appearance when Hanukkah came amid fast-falling snow. There was deep gratitude in that affectionate household: the shadow had rolled away for a time.

X

A HANUKKAH NIGHT

The early days of Hanukkah were shrouded in snow, but the air was so pure and bracing that neither Mr. Aguilar nor Grace felt the slightest discomfort from the weather. Each evening he had lighted the lights and sung the old festival melody. How it grew, the small line of lights, from day to day, in the silver Menorah, which had long been a family heirloom, and might tell many a wondrous story, if it could only speak, of its thrilling experiences in Spain, in Portugal, in Italy during centuries of bitterness. It had escaped the sharp eyes of the Inquisition, it had been hidden carefully from discovery, as the weary exiles went from land to land and across inhospitable seas. And now, polished and made young again, it shone with

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

a gracious splendor on that scene of family peace and affection. Blessed, thrice blessed our historic festival of light! What warmth and happiness, what fervor and devotion, it arouses in old and young!

They were gathered under the Menorah one evening. The lights warmly beaming lighted up the room. Their radiance was sufficient, for no one wished to read. Mr. Aguilar had told Grace that it was to be a story evening, and how patiently she waited for the tale to begin!

"Grace, you know all about Hanukkah, of course, for your mother and I have read to you from time to time a full account of the festival and its origin." Mr. Aguilar paused.

"Certainly, father, I remember all about the Maccabees, father and sons, and how they defeated the Syrian tyrant, captured the Temple from their enemies, and found the little jar of oil that lasted the week of

A HANUKKAH NIGHT

dedication. I shall never forget the brave deeds of Mattathias, and of Judas, his son." And Grace looked earnestly at her father.

"Yes, it was a brave deed to defeat the tyrant Antiochus—a few men and youths against a mighty kingdom. And many tales of heroism and martyrdom have come down to us from those distant days, tales that are full of meaning for us even on peaceful English soil. One of these I shall tell you to-night, while the Hanukkah lights beam so brightly. The story is taken from a work called the Apocrypha, a series of writings that date from a period later than when our Holy Scriptures finally appeared in their present form. The word Apocrypha is of Greek origin, and it means 'secret' or 'hidden.' I shall tell you some other time about the history of our Scriptures, with their threefold division into the Law, or five books of Moses, the Prophets,

and the Sacred Writings. Now for the story. Of course, I shall not give you the exact words of the original narrative."

Here Mr. Aguilar paused. His wife raised the window curtain for a moment. The sky was now clear, the stars were like watchfires in the heavens. Then she stirred the fast-dying log flame on the hearth until it blazed anew. And Grace was all attention as her father began.

A JEWISH MOTHER OF THE OLDEN TIMES

Once there lived a Jewish mother—you know her name—who was so grateful to God for giving her a son that she vowed he should become a servant at God's altar, and she brought him to the high priest to have him properly taught. And now you are to learn of another mother in Israel who lived—so the story goes—many centuries later, and who had the same name, Hannah. But the later Hannah had seven

A HANUKKAH NIGHT

sons, whom she reared in loving obedience to the law of God.

Now, while the Maccabees—what a gallant, sturdy line of heroes they were!—were battling bravely for their homes and their religion, and all Palestine was a scene of war, this Jewish mother and her seven sons were brought before the tyrant. Without pity he compelled them all to suffer the severest torture, because they refused to obey his orders and despise what God had commanded them and their ancestors.

“Why dost thou ask us?” the eldest son said amid dreadful torments. “We are ready to die rather than break the laws of our fathers, which God commanded us to obey.” And he died before his brethren urging each other to die rather than submit like cowards to the tyrant.

The second son refused to eat forbidden food, though threatened with tortures similar to those he had witnessed. In the agony

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

of death he cried out, "Thou like a fury takest us out of this life, but God shall raise us up who have died for His laws into life everlasting."

Of his own accord the third son stretched forth his limbs for the torture, saying, "These I had from God, and for His law I despise them, for from Him I expect to receive them again."

With similar bravery the fourth and fifth sons suffered torment at the hands of the tyrant's soldiers. With their dying breath they assured him that though he had power over men, he had no lasting power over Israel, and at the last God's great power would torment him and his successors. In the same heroic spirit the sixth son met a lingering death.

Six sons perished thus. The youngest-born survived, and upon him, perhaps, the mother's love was centred most of all. Yet she addressed him calmly at this

A HANUKKAH NIGHT

moment, urging him not to fear the tormentor, but to die as worthily as his brothers had met their death. While she was speaking, the son said to the tyrant's men: "For whom are you waiting? I will not obey the king's commands, but the Law given to our fathers. Think not that thou, the author of all this mischief against Israel, shalt escape the hands of God. Thou shalt receive just punishment for all thy sins, and under torture thou thyself shalt confess that our God alone is God."

Enraged at his words, the king made him suffer the severest torments of all, but he died, with his last breath repeating Israel's watchword, the Shemang, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One!" All those who stood around marvelled at his bravery.

And now it was Hannah's turn, the heroic mother of heroic sons. She had witnessed her sons' sufferings, but bore all with

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

firm courage. She had urged each of them to endure torture rather than abandon the faith of his fathers. With clear voice, to inspire them with resolute endeavor, she bade them be strong and full of hope in God's goodness and wisdom. Then she submitted willingly to the tyrant's cruel orders, until death, kinder than he, eased her sufferings.

One by one the Hanukkah lights had vanished into darkness, and when Mr. Aguilar ended his story, the only glow in the room was from the hearth, which his wife kept well supplied with flaming logs.

"Well, Grace," Mr. Aguilar exclaimed, "that was a rather short story, was it not? But I wanted to have a little time for a chat about Hanukkah, our Festival of Dedication. Now, have you any questions to ask, my daughter?"

"Yes, father, about the bottle of oil.

A HANUKKAH NIGHT

How could so small a quantity last so many days for the lamps in the Temple? ”

“ There are various explanations, my child, as to the lighting of the lights, without any reference to the bottle of oil. As to that legend, it is, indeed, difficult to account for the origin of such traditions. In fact, when we try to explain them, our explanation is less natural than the wonderful incident related. Perhaps the oil was so pure and fine that it lasted longer than a coarser quality would have done. Then, too, you must understand, it was not used for all the lamps in the Temple, but only for those in the Menorah, or sacred lamp.”

“ That seems a rather good explanation, Emanuel,” Mrs. Aguilar observed. “ But how about the traditional lights? Were they always lighted within the house, as we light them? ”

“ We have a more wonderful religion than we really imagine, and to my mind its

special quality is the courage it demands from its followers, the resolute sense of conviction it indicates."

"What do you mean, father?" Grace asked. "I really do not understand you."

"You know, dear, how God commanded our fathers in Egypt to sprinkle the blood of a lamb on their door-posts. That was to be a sign of their fearlessness as much as anything else. By the act they made known to their neighbors that they were not afraid to be Israelites openly. And nowadays the Mezuzzah on the portals of our homes, and the open door at a certain part of the Passover night household service, are no less signs of courage and conviction. The Hanukkah lamps were not originally to light up the house within, but to illuminate it without, so that passers-by should see and reflect that, where they are burning, is a Jewish dwelling. You can thus realize the lofty purpose of the institution of the Hanukkah lights."

"O father," Grace exclaimed, "you do make things so clear to me that I love to have you explain matters."

"There is still another interesting fact connected with the Hanukkah light," he continued after giving vigorous attention to the fire on the hearth. "It was held that no work, not even reading, was to be done by its glow. Hence, to pass away the evenings, a number of amusements were introduced, with riddles and games. A popular toy was the tee-totum, or top, called by the German Jews Trendel, which was spun upon the table, and gave great delight to the children."

"Oh, do tell me more about the Trendel."

"This toy was a die in the shape of a revolving top, on whose four sides were marked the Hebrew letters, gimmel, to stand for ganz, or all; hay, for halb, that is, half; nun, for nichts, nothing, and shin, for

stell, put, which indicated the result of each play of the top. The word Trendel itself is derived from the German drehen, to turn."

"Father, could you tell us about the Hanukkah hymn? Is it so very old?"

"I am glad you asked that question, Grace. The hymn Maoz Zur goes back probably five or six hundred years, and its melody, which is that of an old German folk song, is popular in all countries. Only a few years ago one of Byron's poems, 'On Jordan's Banks,' was set to this tune by a musician whom I knew, Isaac Nathan. But, Grace, tell me, did you like the story of Hannah? You have not asked about it at all. Perhaps it was too serious for you."

"Father," she rejoined slowly, "I wish I could write about that mother and her seven sons. I wish I could tell the world some day about their heroism," and, kiss-

ing her parents, she went to her room. But it was long before she could sleep. The story of Hannah, told so thrillingly by her father, stirred her imagination. What a lesson, she thought, for the women of Israel! What loyalty and devotion to the Jewish faith! When she grew older, why should she not write about Hannah, so that her own people as well as those of a different creed might be taught a needed lesson in heroism? The entire scene was acted anew in her vivid fancy—the dreadful tyrant, the rough soldiers, the cruel instruments of torture, the fearful mob, and the gentle, uncomplaining martyrs themselves, each in the death torture.

“Why, Grace, not asleep yet?” Mrs. Aguilar said in surprise, when she entered the room and found Grace with wide open eyes. “It was that exciting story, was it not, my daughter?”

“Come, kiss me, mother, and I’ll go to

sleep, really and truly. But as to that story, I shall tell it one of these days. Good night, dear! ”

And so she did, not many years later. It is one of the most stirring and eloquent chapters she ever wrote.

XI
A BATCH OF LETTERS

DUBLIN, January 7, 1829.

My dearest Grace:—

You can imagine that I have had little time to myself in lovely Dublin since Christmas, but I snatch the first moment of leisure—or shall I call it distraction?—to write to you. I was rejoiced to hear from your good mother that you were thoroughly well again in your pretty home. I wonder if I shall ever get to Devon, to make your parents lend you to me for a few days in London, when I return to my quarters in Tavistock Square, if not in Tavistock, Devonshire.

I do love the Irish. Do you know that English is spoken better in cultivated circles here than in London? I am in earnest. It

is a common notion that your Irishman swings his brogue like a shillelah, and is fond of bringing in his colleen bairn and potheen and other Hibernianisms. For real, smooth, velvety English commend me to an educated Irishman. And how about Tom Moore? There's a darling for you. If you want to hear songs that are songs, you must let me take you to Tom Moore, with his "Oft, in the Stilly Night."

I hope you are not writing much. Just take in all you can. Learn, observe, but do not write for some years to come. Wait, dear heart, until certain things happen to me. There is a chance of my editing an art magazine, and I shall always bear you in mind, that is, when you are grown up, my little girl. Keep up your Jewish studies. You will surely come across fine material for some thrilling tales. I should think that you could find many a theme in the dreadful fate of the Spanish exiles. And

A BATCH OF LETTERS

you could write with so much feeling and enthusiasm, being yourself, as your kind father once told me, a descendant from those unfortunate people. But it must be thrilling. The public wants to be thrilled, not taught. There is little demand in the literary market for plain, everyday food. Things must be highly seasoned to suit the popular taste.

Am I writing too seriously for you? Well, let me tell you something else. There are two lovely children here, my husband's niece and nephew, whom you would declare the dearest children in the world. They love to watch me as I write, and as I throw each page when finished on the floor, a rather bad habit, they run to pick it up, as if they were helping me greatly. That was always Agnes's task in her childhood days—to keep my desk and papers in due order.

I quite forgot to tell you, for my pen is as uncertain as a jaunting-car, that I met

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

Mr. Montefiore before leaving London. He inquired after you, and expressed the hope that your parents would bring you to see him and his wife before he starts on his next journey to Jerusalem. He was accompanied by David Salomon, who, it is said, wants to enter Parliament. Just think, only because they are of the Jewish faith men like Montefiore and his friend cannot become members of the House. I believe that the walls of prejudice will ere long be battered down.

I came across a pretty German poem the other day, written by a new poet, Heine. I wish I could have met him on his recent brief visit to England. Here is a good translation of the poem by a friend of mine, but not so musical as the original:

Thou seemest like a flower,
So pure and fair and bright;
A melancholy yearning
Steals o'er me at thy sight.

A BATCH OF LETTERS

Could I but lay in blessing
My hands upon thy hair,
Imploring God to keep thee
So bright and pure and fair!

And now, dearest child, I must close, or double postage will have to be paid, no trifling matter nowadays. It is costly enough to write a letter. Mr. Hall prophesies penny postage all over the kingdom before the next century. Do answer promptly, and tell me when I can bring you to London. Agnes has just left here for home. She will write to you.

Affectionately,

ANNA MARIA HALL.

LONDON, January 6, 1829.

Dearest and Best Friend:—

You cannot tell, Gracie, how we miss you. Even Nap is growing melancholy. Maud has lost much of her humor; and Agnes—why, I cannot understand her at all. She mopes for hours. Fortunately

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

she spent the holiday week with her aunt, Mrs. Hall, in Dublin, and that will brighten her a bit. So we may look for the old sensible Agnes on her return.

Now as to news. We formed a sewing circle before the holidays. Just think of that, Maud, Agnes, and I form the "Clover Leaf," that is its name, and we sew for the poor. My cousin Jack says that it is bad enough to be poor, but to be obliged to wear the garments we sew is a double calamity. What horrid things cousins are—sometimes! So far we have not completed a single garment, but we have collected plenty of material, and shall go to work at our next weekly meeting, as soon as Agnes returns.

Our first meeting was a great success. It was a kind of business meeting. We do not pay any dues, but our parents will supply us with goods, and we shall do the cutting out and the sewing. Well, after talking

a good deal, and planning what kind of garments we were to prepare, we adjourned to the dining-room, and had a fine omelet, which I made, and some delicious cake, which my mother helped me make—that is to say, she did the mixing and the baking, and I watched the oven. Maud wanted to help me with the omelet, but I would not let her. Was I not right? Nap is so handy in running after bits of thread that we have elected him an associate member of our circle. My cousin Jack pleaded piteously to be made a member. I felt sorry for him, for he had tears in his eyes when we told him that it was impossible. I think we may make him packer and expressman, but as he cannot sew or embroider, he is out of place at our meetings. Do you not think so?

Well, that is about all the news. The girls say that my omelets are improving in color and lightness. Wish I could send you

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

one by her Majesty's post. Good-bye.
Write at once to

SYLVIA.

P. S.—Maud told me that my cousin Jack was only pretending to be sorry that he could not join the Clover Leaf. He had rubbed an onion on his hand, and that caused the tears. Are they not wretches—those dreadful cousins?

LONDON, January 9, 1829.

My dearest Grace:—

All the members of our club agreed to write to you. We appointed Sylvia a committee of one to tell you all about the club. So I have precious little to write. I think Sylvia was very, very mean not to let me help her make the omelet, and I am positively glad that her cousin Jack likes to tease her. I think cousins are the best things in the world, and I only wish I had one. Sylvia's cousin Jack said that he

A BATCH OF LETTERS

would be a cousin to me, but how can that be? He might as well say that he would be my grandmother.

I received a number of pretty presents for Christmas—a soft woolen shawl from my mother, two books from my father, a little satchel from my sister, a beautiful mother-of-pearl penknife from Sylvia's cousin Jack, and many other things from friends, such as ribbons, a box of candy, a scrap book, and so on.

It must be lovely in Devonshire. Sylvia's cousin Jack said he went to boarding-school there, but they gave him so much cream that he had a dreadful fever, and so they sent him home. Poor boy! I never heard of cream causing a fever, but he assured me that it was so. Sylvia said that he was only jesting with me, and the real cause of his being sent home was because he would not study his lessons, and it had nothing to do with Devonshire cream. And she added,

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

that, if I had known him as long as she had, I should not believe a single word he said. I think you would like Sylvia's cousin Jack. He is fond of poetry, and when he repeats it, he rolls his eyes just like an actor. He said that one of the best actors in London taught him how to recite.

Now, Grace, do not forget to write soon and tell me how you are getting along.

Affectionately,

MAUD.

P. S.—We may elect you an honorary member of our club at our next regular meeting. Sylvia's cousin Jack thinks that our meetings are all irregular, because we have no constitution, whatever that means.

LONDON, January 12, 1829.

Arrah, Gracie, my darlint! I have just returned from Dublin, where I had a perfectly delightful time with a lady whom you know very well, mavourneen. Her

name is Anna Maria Hall, and she loves you quite as much as she loves me.

And how is my Devonshire lass, and does she pine for her friends of the magic circle, now become the Clover Leaf? Does she remember the beautiful times we had together, and the plans we cherished, ach hone, ach hone!

If I continue in this strain, dear friend, you will think that I have become Irish entirely. It is certainly a happy race, despite the great poverty that is seen even in Dublin with its palaces and churches, its broad squares and parks, its shops and warehouses. And how friendly the people, always ready for a chat or a laugh, and now and then a fight in the open roadway!

You would have enjoyed our jaunting-car experiences. We went out—that is, aunt and I—to a little town about six or seven miles from Dublin. Every stone on the way had a history, every heap of rocks

a story to tell. There was not a ditch that had not been the scene of former glories. There were ghosts in the elm yonder and the lake opposite, and mysterious happenings in each brokendown shanty that crossed the path. At least Andy, the driver, said so, and he ought to know. If an owl screeched "God save us!" he cried, crossing himself. If a blackbird flew aloft, "Lord have mercy!" was his exclamation. It ought to have been called a jolting car, because many were the jolts it gave us, and that night we found our beds softer than swansdown, we poor weary travellers, after the day's jaunting and jolting.

My aunt introduced me to a fine Irish poet and writer, Samuel Lover. He read us some of his stories, which are as rollicking as the wheels of our jaunting-car. I wish you could have heard him sing one of his own Irish songs. It is grand to be

A BATCH OF LETTERS

a writer after all. One of his poems is on "How to Ask and Have." A girl's sweetheart said to her, "Mary, it is time I spoke to your mother." "No, no," she replied, "she will never consent." "Well, then, what if I speak to your father?" "No, no," came the answer, "he is cruel." The poem—he gave me a copy—closes with these lines:

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel,
Sweet Mary?" says I.
"If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die!"
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary,
"A way now to save you I see,
Since my parents are both so contrary—
You'd better ask *me*."

Now, I have certainly written a lively letter, Gracie, my darlint, my acushla and mavourneen and everything else. It is so good to talk to you by post, but not so good as to talk to you face to face, you girl of girls and honorary member of the

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

Clover Leaf! There, that should have been a secret until the next regular meeting. Good-bye, dearest Grace! Best love to your parents, and do not forget to write soon.

Everlastingly your friend,
AGNES.

XII

DEVONSHIRE DAYS

The Aguilars found their home at Tavistock so healthful and agreeable that they looked forward to a long stay, and hoped that their wanderings were over. The beautiful scenery, attractive at all seasons of the year, grew upon them more and more. It is true, the winter was extremely severe, but it was a dry kind of cold, which, being continuous, acted as a bracing tonic. Both Mr. Aguilar and Grace improved rapidly in their new surroundings, gaining appreciably in weight and color. How the wife and mother rejoiced!

The weeks passed without any startling incident. A quiet, regular life was theirs, without much variety, and Grace became accustomed to the absence of her three friends, which at first was somewhat of a trial for her. Little by little her parents

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

made changes in her studies, or added to them, as they noticed how her mind was steadily maturing. Music became a favorite relaxation, and in embroidery she showed much patience and skill. Her work was so admirably arranged that it never became a strain or hardship, while she enjoyed frequent long walks in all kinds of weather, chiefly with her father as companion.

Mr. Aguilar covered much ground in his Saturday readings to his daughter. Libraries, books, and magazines were few compared with such opportunities decades later. He had, however, a richly stored mind, and his own private library, though small, contained books of no little value. He had now reached selections from the works of Josephus, which did much to awaken her interest in Jewish history in the centuries after the close of the Biblical period. He knew how to adapt or change the author's words when necessary, and

gave only some of the most striking narratives from the writer who took so prominent a part in the war against the Romans, and who lived later among them in peace and honor, calling himself Flavius after the line of Emperors that had conquered Jerusalem.

"It is a strange circumstance, Grace,"—Mr. Aguilar often talked to his daughter as if she were years older—"how Josephus was enabled to become a champion of his people even in his exile."

"How so, father?"

"You might have thought it cowardly on his part to surrender to the Romans and live in safety and comfort among them, when so many of his countrymen sought death gladly rather than submit to their rule. But Josephus was far-sighted. He knew that Judea was too weak a nation to resist Rome for any length of time; so, after fighting bravely in its behalf and find-

ing all chances of success hopeless, he became, partly owing to quarrels among the Jewish leaders, a prisoner of his own accord. Rejoiced at capturing so distinguished a man, the Romans treated him kindly, and gave him every privilege in Rome.

“And now,” Mr. Aguilar continued, “comes the curious circumstance that, an exile and a captive, Josephus was as great a champion of Israel as when he led an army against Rome. His works contain more than history. They aided in teaching the ancient world, nearly two thousand years ago, what the Jewish religion really was. Thus they are a sturdy defense, a brilliant vindication of the Jew in an era when he had no advocate in his weakness and helplessness. The educated reader in those days could not but gain a wholly different idea of our people as now their wonderful laws, now their magnificent

courage, now the deeds and character of their famous men and women, and now the prominent part they played in spreading knowledge of the One God, were revealed in the historian's entertaining and fascinating chapters. With all their faults, the Romans must have had the virtue of toleration in strong measure to permit such resolute championship from a fallen foe. And Josephus went so far as to show how a queen and a king, powerful and honored, could become Jewess and Jew."

"Please tell me about it, father. I did not know such a thing was possible."

"It is a fact, my daughter, that a queen, eminent in her day, Helena of Adiabene, and her son, a king of the same country, Izates, both adopted the Jewish religion in the first century of the common era, and took great pleasure in observing its rites and customs. Let me read you a selection from Josephus, which tells about this inci-

dent. Of course, I shall not follow him word for word, but condense here and there. It is from his 'Antiquities':

" 'Now, when Helena saw that all things were favorable at home, she wished to go to Jerusalem to worship and offer thanksgiving in its famous temple. Her son, the king, gladly consented to the journey, and he went with her part of the way, and gave her a large amount of money. It was very fortunate that she came, for a severe famine was then raging in the land, and many died from want of food. She sent some of her servants to buy corn at Alexandria, and also to secure a cargo of dried figs at Cyprus. As soon as they returned, she gave freely of the food to the needy, while Izates, having been told of the distress, forwarded generous sums of money for the sufferers. In later years both Helena and her son were buried near Jerusalem.'

"I may add," Mr. Aguilar continued, "many of their subjects fought under the Jewish flag in the struggle against the Romans."

On another Sabbath he told Grace about the siege of Jotapata, a rocky fortress town, which, in the war with Rome, long resisted the attacks of the army of Vespasian, the Roman general, and which Josephus himself defended at the head of a handful of heroic men. The story forms one of the most spirited episodes in his work. And as her father told her in simple words the incidents of the conflict, often a hand-to-hand encounter, her eyes flashed with pride at the recital of such dauntless bravery displayed by mere townspeople, not trained soldiers, against the disciplined Roman forces!

Attack after attack met defeat, the Jews vainly hoping for aid from the Parthians, the Romans' bitterest foes, and being

weakened, too, by unfortunate dissensions within their own ranks. Despairing at last of capturing the place by similar assaults, Vespasian erected one hundred and sixty catapults, huge engines from which stones and heavy weapons and darts and fire were hurled into the doomed town. But the desperate Jewish soldiers checked the Romans, destroyed many of their deadly weapons of attack, and raised the town wall, which protected the defenders in a very ingenious way. Hides of fresh-stripped oxen were extended over hedge poles rammed into the walls, and these furnished good defense, as the walls were raised to forty feet.

Grace followed these details attentively, and her interest was still further increased when she was told of the gradual working forward of the Romans' powerful battering ram, at whose first blow the wall quaked amid the city's lamentations. But Josephus, quick to meet the danger, suspended

large bags filled with chaff, which weakened the repeated blows of the battering ram. Then one valiant soldier, Eleazer by name, bravely mounted the wall and hurled a heavy stone against the machine, breaking its head. Jumping down, he seized the head, and bore it to the wall, where he held it aloft. The arrows whizzed around him, and he was pierced by five of them, being wholly without armor. On another day, while the Romans were advancing in close ranks, Josephus ordered hot oil to be poured upon the enemy, who soon gave way.

“And did the place surrender at last?” Grace asked.

“The Romans, with their sixty thousand men against a few thousand defenders, had spent forty-seven days on the siege,” her father replied, “and were puzzled at the heroic defense. But the end came, and through treachery. A deserter entered the

Roman camp, and offered to lead the enemy into the city at an hour when the defenders were at rest. In a few minutes the foe was in the centre of Jotapata, unheard and unnoticed. Short and bloody was the conflict then. The Romans spared only the women and children, and the town was razed to the ground." Mr. Aguilar ceased.

"It was too bad, father, that there should have been a deserter in Israel. What a dreadful thing to act the traitor! Otherwise the town might have been saved."

"I fear not, my daughter. Think of the conditions that faced the defenders. All food and water supplies were cut off, and the defense could not have held out much longer against the fresh accessions to the Roman camp. Besides, the Jews were not united; they had their bitter quarrels. Ah, if Israel had always stood together as a people, with one aim and one ambition, its history would be far more glorious. It has

always had two foes to contend with: the foe from without, Babylon, Rome, Syria, and the modern nations, and the foe from within, the deserters in its own ranks, who have done more harm, as Holy Writ says, 'Thy destroyers and those who lay thee waste, shall come forth from thee.' But enough in this strain! In happy England we have rest, and need not dwell too much upon the ages of terror."

There could have been no happier and more successful method of inspiring Grace with interest in history as well as of increasing her love for Israel. From those days dated her fondness for the study of history, and many a plan was developing slowly but surely in her mind, which was to be realized in the coming years.

No less valuable was the way in which Mr. Aguilar strove to explain the meaning and history of our traditional prayers, which make the old prayer book a treasure house of wisdom.

“ Now, understand, Grace, ours is a prayer book not for one person or one congregation or one country, but for the whole community of Israel wherever scattered, rich or poor, large or small. It reflects their hopes and repeats their petitions, and, to single out one quality of theirs, it reveals their unfaltering trust in the Almighty.”

“ ‘ Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,’ ” Grace interrupted. “ That is one of my dearest forget-me-nots of Scripture,” she added, unconscious of the part which the verse would play in the history of her life.

“ The trait of trustfulness,” said her father, “ was wonderfully shown one day in the early Middle Ages in France. I think it was in a town called Blois, where a number of our ancestors were put to death by the infuriated mob. Men, women, and children were all led to the stake; and,

as they moved along to the place of torture, they did not piteously beg for mercy or offer to give up their religion, but sturdily and unfalteringly they repeated one of the oldest and most beautiful petitions in the prayer book, the Alenu prayer, wherein we deem it our duty to praise God for the task which He has enjoined upon us—to proclaim His unity and to hope for the dawn of the day when the nations and the creeds shall acknowledge Him in holy brotherhood. Whenever I repeat that short and simple prayer, Grace, the scene in France is before my eyes. Those mothers and fathers of ours not only said their prayers, they felt them and lived them, and could die with their prayers on their lips. It is wonderful, wonderful, Grace.”

“I think, father,” Grace remarked after a brief pause, “I think our trustfulness is also shown in the last two verses of our hymn Adon Olam. They have always

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

seemed to me very beautiful, and I have tried to put them into English. Here are two lines :

I place my spirit in His mighty power
Both in my sleeping and my waking hour ;
Body and spirit then are to Thee near.
With God so close to me, I shall not fear.

O father, father, if I only were older, and could do what I long to do. But I am young and helpless, and there is so much to be done," and she went to the window to regain her self-control.

"Why, Grace, you should not allow yourself to be so agitated and depressed. It is all my fault anyway, telling you about those old-time persecutions. Run along, my daughter, run along, and make us a cup of tea, and we can have a little tea and cake all by ourselves. But you might ask your mother to come to the party." And Grace, laughing now, hastened to do her father's bidding.

XIII

A SURPRISE

June again! The country was full of color and fragrance. Winter was absolutely forgotten. The snow bird, which used to arouse pity as it flew along the frozen ground or nestled in the white trees, was changed into the merriest lark that ever sang amid the lofty skies.

Purim had gone, and it was after Passover. The lessons of each festival had been duly taught to Grace. There had not been much Purim jollity, for the Aguilar household was small; but for Passover Doctor Van Ullem had been a welcome guest, and what an acquisition he was! How heartily he joined in the old melodies, how delightfully he told stories, and how pleasantly he chatted at odd moments with the daughter of the house! Grace had faithfully helped her mother to arrange matters,

and even prepared, all by herself, delicious "brick mortar," the traditional Haroset. And how happy she was when the doctor told her it was the best he had ever tasted.

"Do you know, sweetheart," he said to her, "that yours are almost as good as the cakes we used to have in Amsterdam? And they came from Paradise."

"From Paradise? Why, Doctor Van Ullem, how ridiculous to say that!"

"Yes, yes, yes, my child. Paradise and Holland are one and inseparable. Of course, you have heard that Adam and Eve spoke Dutch in the Garden of Eden. They must have spoken some language, and it was as much Dutch as French or English anyway. And if they spoke Dutch"—and here the Doctor's eyes twinkled a little more than usual—"they must have known how to prepare Dutch cakes, or it would not have been Paradise. And there you are."

"How are those cakes made, Doctor?" Grace asked, so that she might prepare some for one of his visits in the future.

"Well, I think I remember. First you take some honey, and then more honey, and then some butter and sugar, and more honey. Now add a little spice, the least bit of ginger, and more honey, also a bit of citron and more honey. That is all. But your Haroset cakes are almost as good, I assure you." Then he began to discuss with Mr. Aguilar some incident in the Haggadah, or Passover narrative, read before and after the evening meal.

Passover, too, had gone, leaving joyous memories and grateful feelings. And now appeared June, with its berries and roses, its foliage and its blossoms, which made Tavistock like a garden. Then came the surprise, and what a surprise, on the second of June! Would you know why? Because it was Grace Aguilar's thirteenth birthday.

A month earlier some earnest talks had taken place between her father and mother, when the approaching birthday had been discussed. And out of these chats came the surprise! And what a surprise!

The boy and girl world is full of odd surprises, but none has ever been so complete, so unexpected, so magnificent, and so eminently satisfactory as what happened an hour before midday on that second of June. While Grace was out taking a walk with her father, a carriage drove to the Aguilar home, and out of it stepped forth, in the brightest possible humor, the Clover Leaf, with Nap almost crushed to death by the countless hugs he had received on the journey. That was a surprise indeed! Then, without further delay, they all went to work with vigor. A long table was spread in the garden back of the house, in a corner concealed from the roadway. Floral wreaths, banners, and a mass of

articles that had been gathering for some weeks came to light from different hiding-places. Doctor Van Ullem had sent a big package of Dutch cakes, made by a popular London pastry-cook. Mrs. Hall had forwarded a number of charming volumes. There were boxes of candy arranged on the table like building blocks, and an array of gifts that would have done credit to a well-equipped shop dealing in holiday and birthday presents.

"Can we go now?" asked Sylvia, impatiently, of Mrs. Aguilar.

"Oh, Mrs. Aguilar," Maud added imploringly, "we must begin before Grace returns."

"Girls, in five minutes you may go to work. Mr. Aguilar promised to be here at half past twelve," and she gave hurried glances up and down the road. In five minutes, Sylvia and Maud, with Nap, rushed away. There was a scurrying of

THE YOUNG CHAMPION

feet, a smothered peal of laughter, several loud barks followed by emphatic commands to be quiet, and then a suspicious silence in a certain inner room, broken now and then by a laugh and a bark that would not be suppressed.

At precisely half past twelve Grace and her father came slowly in sight. Agnes could hardly restrain herself, but kept behind Mrs. Aguilar on the porch, hoping that she was invisible.

"Well, Sarah," Mr. Aguilar exclaimed, "did we not return in time?" He was about to enter the house, when there was a sudden exclamation, and Grace, detecting somebody behind her mother, rushed into that somebody's arms. A pretty tight hug followed, with rapturous kisses interchanged.

"Dinner's ready, dinner's ready!" Mr. Aguilar exclaimed. "Come, let us eat out there in the garden. It will be so much pleasanter this hot day."

Agnes and Grace could not say a word. They simply clung together.

"Hurry, girls!" It was Mr. Aguilar's voice again. "Hurry, girls, or the dinner will be spoilt. If you are late for a meal on your birthday, Grace, you will be late the whole year." And he smiled at his daughter. They reached the garden without further delay, Agnes and Grace with hands around each other's waists.

"O mother, mother, how good you all are!" and Grace embraced her parents warmly, with a special kiss for Agnes, as the gaily-decorated table came into view. "If only Sylvia and Maud were here, Agnes, would they not be glad at the sight?"

"And they are here," Maud exclaimed, as she and Sylvia, carrying a large dish, marched slowly to the head of the table. "Behold, the birthday omelet! Sylvia made it, but I broke the eggs."

Grace gave Maud and Sylvia an enthusiastic welcome, and then all were ready for the midday meal. Suddenly a faint bark was heard.

"Heavens!" cried Maud, "it is that poor dog. I shut him up in the cupboard. He was barking so loud! Poor Nap!"

Grace quickly released him, and there was a scene that baffles description, for Nap simply would not leave her. After he had exhausted his supply of barks and leaps and jumps, he sat contentedly in her lap, and went to sleep there.

That *was* a birthday meal! Search all the histories of the world, read carefully the biographies of celebrated men and women, and you will not find a single episode to approach it in the least degree. Now, the food that composed the repast was simple enough, apart from the Dutch cakes, which were very elaborate; and the beverages were few, tea, chocolate, and

milk. The diners, too, were not many, merely half a dozen and a dog. But such warmth, such rapture, such appetites! Why, such a feast was never equalled in the entire history of England, certainly not in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant of Devonshire, and in that section they live to a fairly old age, owing to the air and the cream.

And then the talk! Once there lived a clever Greek author, who wrote a very entertaining book on the meals of the learned, and narrated the after-dinner conversation of some people who were poets, philosophers, and statesmen in their day. It must all have been very fine, no doubt, but it could not begin to compare with the Clover Leaf in full swing, to the accompaniment of Nap's bark, when he awoke from sleep while the Dutch cakes were passed around. Maud, Sylvia, and Agnes were not poets or philosophers—just three

happy and affectionate girls, not angels by any means, but they were as good talkers as any three young persons in the kingdom. That they did full justice to themselves and the occasion, can be readily imagined.

When the meal was over, all except Mr. Aguilar and Nap helped to clear the table and wash the dishes. The operation did not take much time. A brief rest followed, Mrs. Aguilar insisting that after the fatigue and excitement of the day there should be a pause. So the girls had a quiet hour in Mrs. Aguilar's room, really going to sleep, until Nap, who had returned from a stroll with Mr. Aguilar, to whom he had attached himself as a special comrade, barked so loud for his missing playmates that further rest was impossible.

Late in the afternoon, the girls set out for a long walk, to view the beauties of the scenery. It was a joyous party that tramped along the fragrant meadows or

penetrated the cool recesses of the woods, now and then resting near a soft hedge, out of which would run a frightened rabbit or a squirrel. The flowers did not vary much from those with which the visitors were familiar, but they found the ferns of rare attractiveness, particularly the smaller varieties. They admired, too, the sweetly-scented violets blossoming in the woods. It had rained the previous day, and the flowers were doubly fresh and fragrant.

With keen appetites all enjoyed the meal that awaited them on their return. Then the girls went to the library and music room, where Mrs. Aguilar, who was a skilful musician, played to their great enjoyment. Agnes, too, showed no little proficiency. Her Irish melodies delighted her audience by their novelty. Sylvia and Maud could not play, but they were appreciative listeners, much more so than Nap, who disgraced himself by going to sleep

on the sofa, and snoring like a lord from time to time. Evidently he had had too much exertion and too many Dutch cakes. As for Grace, she was so bewildered by happiness—the great joy of being with her former playmates—that she could only gaze at them, and press their hands and kiss them as the mood seized her. Then she would play on the piano some plaintive melody, which would be followed by a lively Irish jig.

“Girls, I never felt so happy in my whole life,” she exclaimed as she stopped the music suddenly and faced her friends.

“Nor I,” “Nor I,” “Nor I,” came from the Clover Leaf in rapid succession.

“As you all are so fond of Irish jigs,” Mr. Aguilar observed, “I think I shall tell the story of an Irish schoolmaster,” and he began, partly in song and partly in recitation, the diverting tale of a teacher, who lived in Killarney, with a not particularly

bright set of pupils, whom he taught with too much kindliness, despite an occasional tap on the hand or fingers with a light blackthorn rod. When he came to the reading lesson, the fun developed. "What is the second letter of the alphabet?" he asked of Tom. "I don't know, sir," was the reply. "Pray, what animal stings a boy?" he asked sneeringly. "The wasp, your Honor." "And what else?" "A cat's paw." "And what else?" "The bee." "And what is the third letter?" he asked of Celia—she had yellow hair, blue eyes, and red cheeks. "I don't know, sir," was the bold reply. "What does your aunt do out of her eyes?" "She squints, your Honor." "And what else, stupid?" "She can see." And the class applauds her for her cleverness. The letters are thus repeated, until, at last, weary of their ignorance, the schoolmaster opens the door and bids them go home and leave him in peace,

and they rush out with a terrific tempest of noise.

So the evening passed, and at an early hour the members of the Clover Leaf went to sleep. The Aguilar home, like English country homes in general, had ample accommodation for visitors.

"O Mrs. Aguilar," said Agnes, quietly, just as she was going upstairs to rest, "I am so rejoiced that Grace looks strong again. What a change since last December! Do you know that we were all anxious about her recovery. My aunt did not expect her to live."

"Dearest Agnes," came the gentle reply, "I am grateful to the Almighty for His many mercies. Good night, my darling. Sleep well. You all have a long journey in the morning. Good night!"

The year in Grace Aguilar's girlhood is over. Let us leave her now as she stands in

the glow of her happy days, a sweet-voiced, bright-eyed, resolute, helpful girl of thirteen. Already the light of a great idea is beckoning her on. A brave purpose gives her hope and strength. Will she live to realize her ambition and become a champion of her faith and her people? What will the years tell of Grace Aguilar?

XIV

WHAT THE YEARS TOLD

Nine-tenths of the battle of life is the preparation. The victory is won not so much in our manhood or womanhood as in the days of our childhood. If then we plant aright, we reap a bountiful harvest. That is the moulding time. All is plastic then; that is, mind and heart are readily taught, and can be shaped as the teacher wills. It was in their school-days that Napoleon and Wellington gained the triumphs that fell to their share in mature age. Youth was their training period.

So with Grace Aguilar. Her parents, recognizing the ability of their child, and resolving to mould her mind and heart aright in early years, gave her just the education she needed. There was nothing forced or mechanical in her training. She grew as naturally as rose buds and blos-

soms. She absorbed unconsciously the wise, loving, helpful elements in her home, as the plant drinks in light, warmth, moisture. There was no magic in the treatment. There was nothing strikingly novel or original in the method. It went back to a certain wise old lawgiver, who bade parents teach their children diligently, if they would have their children follow the right path and live.

In other words, Mr. and Mrs. Aguilar directed their daughter's work and thought, her aims and aspirations, with only one purpose—that under God's providence she might prove the champion she desired to become. That was their chief concern. They spared no effort and no sacrifice to promote her genuine growth. They felt that she was not physically strong; hence they took her from school and taught her themselves. They knew that her mind was bright and clear; hence they strove to

improve it still further by regular work and study. They were convinced that she had a warm and loving heart; so they made their home a centre of wise and loving influences. And as she was a Jewish child, and they were Jewish parents, they resolved that she should become intelligent, broad-minded, devout in her girlhood, so that her womanhood might display the same qualities. It was but their duty to a daughter, and doubly so to one of Grace's remarkable gifts.

What, then, was the harvest, what did the years tell of Grace? Shortly before her departure for Germany—it was on June 16, 1847—she received a gift from a few Jewish women, together with a brief address, which read as follows:

“ Dear Sister:—

“ Our admiration of your talents, our veneration for your character, our gratitude

for the eminent services your writings render our sex, our people, our faith—in which the sacred cause of true religion is embodied—all these motives combine to induce us to intrude on your presence, in order to give utterance to sentiments which we are happy to feel, and delighted to express. Until you arose, it has in modern times never been the case that a woman in Israel should stand forth, the public advocate of the faith of Israel; that with the depth and purity which is the treasure of woman, and the strength of mind and extensive knowledge that form the pride of man, she should call on her own to cherish, on others to respect, the truth as it is in Israel. You, Sister, have done this, and more. You have taught us to know and appreciate our own dignity; to feel and to prove that no female character can be more pure than that of the Jewish maiden, more pious than that of

the woman in Israel. You have vindicated our social and spiritual equality in the faith; you have, by your excellent example, triumphantly refuted the aspersion, that the Jewish religion leaves unmoved the heart of the Jewish woman; while your writings place within our reach those higher motives, those holier consolations, which flow from the spirituality of our religion, which urge the soul to commune with its Maker, and direct it to His grace and His mercy, as the best guide and protector here and hereafter."

Could any harvest be ampler and more blessed? Could the years tell anything nobler or more gratifying than such a tribute to a woman of Israel?

Now, what was Grace Aguilar's actual work, her real achievement? She wrote books with a purpose, and that purpose was to champion Judaism and the Jew, our faith and religion, our history and mission.

In addition, she wrote many stories of a general character, which were well received, and are still read in numerous editions, despite the crowd of later authors.

Of her more general works, "Home Influence" is perhaps the most popular; its sequel, "The Mother's Recompense," is no less in merit. Both these books were written about seventy-five years ago; hence the style is at times a little diffuse and old-fashioned; but both are readable and stimulating. Then come "The Days of Bruce," a stirring romance of Scottish history, and "Woman's Friendship," the one published in 1851, the other in 1852, but both written earlier. Her volume of poems, "The Magic Wreath," appeared without her name in 1835, in her nineteenth year.

Her distinctly Jewish writings were many. First as to her stories. The best and most popular is "The Vale of Cedars," which was written before 1835. It is a

tale of Spain in the fifteenth century, and gives a faithful picture of Jewish suffering and martyrdom. Her "Home Scenes and Heart Studies" and a number of other short tales, like "The Perez Family," complete her Jewish episodes.

But most remarkable in so young a writer are her books in championship of Israel, the most brilliant of which is "The Spirit of Judaism." This was first printed in Philadelphia, owing to the kindly interest of Isaac Leeser, preacher, editor, and writer of rare talent. Then must be mentioned "The Women of Israel," full-length portraits of eminent Jewesses, based upon the Scriptures and Josephus. This work appeared in 1845, and was followed by "The Jewish Faith: Its Spiritual Consolation, Moral Guidance, and Immortal Hope." Some early essays were collected (1851-52) in a volume of "Essays and Miscellanies." Her last work was a "His-

tory of the Jews in England," for "Chambers' Miscellany." Some of these books were written under severe physical strain and weakness, from which she never wholly recovered, and which were responsible for her early death at Frankfort-on-the-Main, on September 16, 1847, in her thirty-first year.

She had gone thither to regain her strength and to see the elder of her brothers, who was studying music, in which profession he was to attain some distinction. The younger brother was at sea. He liked a mariner's life, and he became a rear-admiral in the British navy. Lingering at Frankfort for a few weeks, she went to near-by baths, but obtained no respite from her pain. Then she returned to the city where Goethe was born, and where the Rothschild house can still be seen. Now began a period of great weakness. Her chief desire was to spare her mother

anxiety. She had taught herself a kind of alphabet with her fingers, and if she wished to hear some favorite verse from the Bible she would spell upon them the Psalm desired. The last time her fingers moved it was to spell the line always dear to her, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

And out there in the quiet Jewish cemetery in historic Frankfort she is buried, near the wall of the Protestant burial-ground. When first erected, the headstone bore a butterfly and five stars, and beneath were the words from the Book of Proverbs, "Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own words praise her in the gates."

It was to this spot that Mrs. Hall made a pilgrimage, and in her Art Journal she has written her impressions. Grace had earnestly asked her friend to visit her in Frankfort, but that was impossible at the

time. After her death, however, she went to the old city, and found it full of picturesque sights, with its busy streets, its fine monuments, and its Ghetto, which the mother of the Rothschilds would not abandon, although her sons had palaces elsewhere. When they came to the old house on the Yahrzeit, the anniversary of their father's death, they begged her to leave the old-fashioned dwelling and reside with one of them at Paris, Naples, London, or Vienna. "No, no, children," she would reply, "do not try to persuade me. If I left this old house, all the Mazzel"—need that word be translated?—"would forsake our family." And there she stayed until the end.

Of the Ghetto, which no longer exists in its older sense in the free air of later decades, Mrs. Hall writes at length. To visit the quarter is like "going back to the fourteenth century and meeting the people

you read of in history far gone. Imagine the narrowest possible streets through which a carriage can drive, flanked on either side by houses so high that the blue sky above becomes an idea rather than a reality; story after story, with windows of ancient construction, small and narrow, enclosed by iron gratings, from which frequently depended portions of many-colored draperies; garments for sale, which might have been of the spoil of the Egyptian; strong swords and all kinds of weapons, rust-worn; bunches of keys, whose handles would drive an antiquary distracted by their elaborate workmanship; dresses of all countries and all fashions, fez caps, and old but costly turbans. The rich balconies of the most exquisite design, however time-worn; the jalousies, sometimes within, sometimes without the windows; the Atlantes, supporting entablatures, lost none of their effect from being half-draped by a scarlet mantle

or variegated scarf of Barbary. Numbers of the houses were profusely ornamented at intervals by ball-flowers in hollow mouldings and balustrades supporting carved copings. Then above the doors, some of which evidently led to an inner court or a mysterious-looking passage, was inserted the most exquisitely wrought iron-work, sufficiently beautiful to form a model for a Berlin bracelet; while from a stealthy passage peered forth the half-shrouded face and illuminated eyes of dazzling brightness of some ancient Jewess, whose long, lean, yellow fingers grasped the strong but exquisitely-moulded handle of the entrance.

“The doors (except the very modern ones) were all of great strength, frequently studded with nails, and the bolts, now worn and rusty, had withstood many a rude assault. We passed beneath small oriel windows, supported by richly-carved stone brackets, grey and mouldering; and beside

bay windows of pure Gothic times; and when we gazed up, up, up, story after story, we saw what appeared to us more than one Belvedere, doubtless erected by some wealthy Jew as a place from whence he could view the city it was forbidden him to tread, or to enjoy pure air, which certainly he could not do in the densely close street beneath. Many of the brackets supporting a solitary balcony were of beautiful design, though the greater number were defaced and crumbling. We also passed several of the fan-shaped windows, so characteristic of the early German style, and here and there a fantastic gargoye; from the mouth of one depended a bunch of soiled but many-colored ribands. What a vision it seems to us now, that wonderful Jews' quarter of the bright and busy city of Frankfort! A vision of some far-off Oriental Pompeii, repeopled in a dream! Never did we look upon faces so keen and

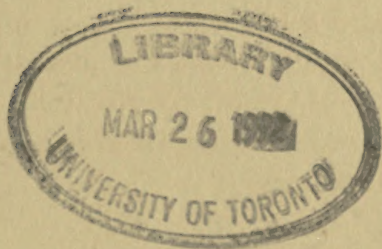
withered, beards so black, or eyes so bright; once we saw a curly-headed child, half-naked in its swarthy beauty, throned, like a baby king, upon a pile of yellow cushions; and once again, as we drove slowly on, a tall young girl turned up a face of scornful beauty, as if she thought we pale-faced Christians had no business there—and those two young creatures were all we clearly observed of youthful beauty within the 'Quarter.' ”

Then, after the visit to the Ghetto, she drove leisurely to the Jewish cemetery. From the entrance gate the view was beautiful. Like a panorama the city was spread out, the scene was illumined by the brightest sunshine. In the distance a girl was seated beneath the branches of a spreading tree, weaving garlands, which the visitors bought to adorn the graves of departed friends. The gates were open. She soon found the grave, and accomplished the

object of her pilgrimage. "It was, though in a foreign city, a pilgrimage to an English shrine, for it was to the grave of an English woman, pure and good."

A few years ago, a friend set out one day from Frankfort to photograph the tomb. When he reached the spot, he found the inscription to be too illegible for such a purpose. Although the words can no longer be read as of old, the name, the character, the work of Grace Aguilar will resist decay for ages, and they cannot be blotted out by storm or rain, or time's biting ravages. They are immortal, like the faith of Israel, which from her early girlhood she championed so resolutely and unfalteringly.

The Lord Baltimore Press
BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.



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